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EDITED BY

**HENRY HILES, Mus.D.**



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THE

# Quarterly Musical Review.

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## INSTRUMENTATION.

FROM THE ORGAN TO THE ORCHESTRA.

### I.

THE selection of the best means of presenting a musical work, the quantity and quality of tone in keeping with its character and most clearly expressing its purpose, is like the picking out from the whole scale of chromatic shades the exact tints whereby to bring out suitably and vividly the poetic idea that should underlie pictorial art; or the happy perception which guides a speaker or writer to the very words of which the mere sound bears a significance.

The qualifications of a true artist are manifold. He must be inspired with a message, and skilled in some mode of delivering it. He has something to say; but he cannot say it impressively unless he has acquired a command of a suitable mode of speech. Roughly classified, his training is of two kinds. First, he must learn to estimate aright the worth of his thoughts and to mould them into consistent shape: and, when thus moulded, he must be able so to present them that they may win approval. It is not enough that his mind is luxuriant in suggestions, unless he acquires such a familiarity with the grammar of his special language as enables him clearly to unfold his thoughts.

Still less would a mere readiness of speech atone for poverty of idea. For of the relative value of the two endowments—mental activity and felicity of utterance—there could not be a question. Steady perseverance and good guidance will enable a student to master all details and niceties of expression; will lead him to shape his fancies consistently; and, perhaps, may even give him power to invest them with a semblance of weight to which they have no just claim, and to gild them with an attractive, though misleading, brilliance.

*Instrumentation.*

All this applies just as much to the education of a musician as to the training of any other kind of artist. In his case the study of fit means of pourtrayal commences almost with the first earnest contemplation of sounds. Every melody, or combination, should be felt to be specially adapted for some peculiar mode of utterance, and to be less completely rendered by any other style of presentation. The first exercises in the construction of musical phrases are, generally, associated with a rough study of vocal effects, or with the practice of some particular instrument. And, as he progresses, the young musician ever strives to acquire a greater mastery of the art of presenting his fancies by the sounds that, to him, are becoming the natural language of emotion. With him, passion, of any kind, takes musical shape; and the form it vivifies is not contracted to a rigidity of dimension which to all beholders must assume precisely the same appearance, or upon all minds bear with the same force. Within a wide area the demand which music makes is general, seeking such response as the person appealed to is capable of yielding; drawing forth and stimulating the higher and purer aspirations of that particular mind, and not tending to drag them into absolute uniformity, or to deprive them of the charm belonging to a spontaneous individuality.

But this peculiarly subtle power of music in no way diminishes the necessity for its influence being exercised in an orderly and clear manner. It rather increases that necessity. However unmistakably musically inshrined ideas may be delineated, the precision of their expression will not—unless degraded to a mere theatric imitation—fetter the mind of the hearer beyond the general suggestion and excitement of that like feeling which it is their purpose and duty to create. To fail in stirring that generally sympathetic mental emotion is to fail utterly: while to seek to confine it within too narrow a sphere is to prostitute a high art to the level of a meaner.

When all this is understood, and the education of the student of music has been earnestly carried on up to the point when only the mere qualities of tone require to be pondered, skill in the art of instrumenting or orchestrating his ideas must be perfected. The general form of his work being “composed” or settled, and the balance of its sections secured, it remains only for him to select his means of interpretation; and to arrange the precise details in accordance with the capabilities and mechanism of the instrument, or instruments, to which the representation is assigned. Not as, by any means,

his highest acquirement, but as a necessary qualification for clearly conveying to other minds his meaning, must the musician gain this quick perception of the niceties of utterance. His work must be polished till no irrelevance or incongruity of expression blemishes it or obscures his meaning. There must be no out-of-line drawing or faulty perspective; but, also, there should be no feeble inadequacy, or glaring obtrusiveness, of colouring. His thoughts must be couched in tones suitable to their character, as well as developed to an extent proportionate to their innate value. He must feel one phrase as purely vocal, and as blemished by any coarser mode of utterance; another as requiring the aid of such, or such, an instrument; and a third as demanding a multiplicity of tones and a sustained power of endurance that only a full orchestra could supply. This power of selecting not merely sounds, but qualities of sound, must be cultivated, far more as necessary to a free and easy communication of the artist's ideas to others than as the expansion of his own artistic power. It is the part of his equipment most easily acquired, most mechanical, and most imitative. It is the same kind of quickness of perception which should (but to a far greater completeness and with vastly wider breadth of ideality) be exercised in the study of harmonic affinities and tendencies. It is the outer part of the musician's endowment; the ultimate and grossest link that connects his poesy with the material world.

Not unnaturally—considering the bias and inclination of our English music, resulting from the restrictions beneath which it so long laboured—there is, just now, a tendency unduly to exalt this art of displaying music, this purely exterior part of a musician's craft. Among the stereotyped phrases which we so often read none is more common than the laudation of the mere scoring or colouring of a composition. We have our "rhapsodies" and our "poems" in sound, which abound in tricks—certainly, often clever tricks—of orchestration. Orgies of the higher and lower regions, of goddesses, nymphs, and demons, are depicted by the wildest and most startling combinations. Interesting enough as experiments in tone-colouring, their value, generally, goes no further; and it is the duty of all true critics to point out the truly ephemeral nature of their charm.

Skill in orchestration is (like the polished diction of the orator) of great importance: but it may never atone for poverty of idea. Generally (even after the first hearing) a very fair estimate may be formed of the chances which a work has of enduring esteem, by noticing how much of

the impression it leaves is derived from the innate beauty of the ideas depicted, and how much from the piquant character of their delineation. Often it is well, after the performance of some brilliant and catching study in orchestration, to ask oneself whether we should not feel any work we really esteem—any true and ever welcome masterpiece—degraded by such a style of alluring, but meretricious, adornment.

A knowledge of the qualities, capabilities, and suitabilities of different instruments, and of the usual ways of effectively using and combining them, may be as easily acquired by the student who, score in hand, enjoys opportunities of listening to orchestral performances as a readiness may be gained in the selection of the best fitting harmonies to any melody; and far more quickly than may be attained that thorough mastery of the art of combining melodies, which is the essential feature of all effective part-writing, and a necessary constituent of all enduring musical structure.

But, unfortunately, such a study cannot be pursued alone; and, even now, it is often far out of the reach of the poor young musician. Our English students have, so far, failed to grasp the full scale of orchestral colouring, simply because they have been working entirely upon models, the adequacy and truth of which they have been obliged to take upon trust. All early work must be based upon models; but, until that work is tested practically the knowledge gained is at best merely theoretic, lacking the certainty which experience alone may give. To one who has never heard sounds no extatic description of them will convey any tangible impression. The effects of different harmonies may only be judged by actual test; and the results of the varied colouring of those harmonies, by the employment of contrasted qualities of tone, may never be *known*—however nearly they may be imagined or believed—until the combinations have been presented to the ear. Given an experience of certain mixtures we may guess what would result from a readjustment of the proportions of their constituents: but no scientific approved knowledge could be gained without experiment. And only very recently—even in our very largest towns—have orchestras approaching completeness been established.

Thus we have the many crudities of our modern attempts at original and striking instrumentation. The clear formality of the older writers gave place to the ponderous heaviness of the Schumann style: and instruments have been crowded on to our platforms until force of utterance has vigorously and blatantly striven to atone for the lack of inherent interest.

A peculiar fashion of scoring is a trick, even more easily acquired than the habit of allowing harmony perpetually to slide into accustomed grooves, into pet chords and progressions. Just as a craze for the minor ninths and augmented sixths which beset and entangled Spohr—or for the minor thirteenths so largely affected by Gounod, or for the rising dissonances favoured by Wagner—may seize upon us at different periods of our initiation into the mysteries of Harmony, so are we in danger of being fascinated by the striking effects and combinations to which novelty gives a purely sensuous, and, for a time, an almost overpowering charm. It is only when experience has taught us how to penetrate beneath the exterior show, and to strip the imposing form of its showy adornment, that we can rightly estimate the proportionate worth of the thought itself and of its elaborate expression.

In respect to vocally presented ideas we are not easily misled. In choral works we do not readily mistake tinsel for gold. England is a land of song; a country filled to repletion with choirs and choral societies. But, in most of our towns, any concerted orchestral music of higher excellence than may be afforded by that ordinary and wretched stop-gap a theatre-band—is seldom to be heard. Until a better state of things arrives, until in our elementary schools facilities are vouchsafed for learning that which requires external help (instead of keeping up the miserable pretence of fostering that vocal aptitude which is strong enough to take care of itself), so long will our difficulty continue; and our native orchestral music will remain—as it, for many generations, has remained—far behind our choral song.

In the meantime it behoves us to endeavour to extract all the aid we may from the knowledge already available; and to show how every step gained may lead on to a further advance.

Every student of music learns the alphabet of his art through some special vehicle of expression. In the early stages of his career he is a singer; or, as a player upon some instrument, he gains his initiation into the world of poetic sounds. Insensibly, his ideas grow in the form and fashion peculiar to his early guide and help; and, unless very soon his survey of music becomes more expanded and he views the land through wider openings, he must be in danger of growing up a slave to early habit and confined within a too narrow groove.

The assertion is not over-bold that even the greatest masters have seldom shaken themselves entirely free from the fetters of their early training, and their accustomed and particular modes of realising sounds

and of obtaining effect. Thus, not only have we those schools of music-writing which are essentially vocal, while others are clearly founded upon an instrumental basis, but scarcely any of our brightest luminaries have risen to that all-round brilliance, that perfect completeness of style, which would prove a thorough emancipation from those leading-strings of early guidance which, later, became bonds. Few have entirely escaped from the lines by which their minds were first controlled, and by which their early ideas were shaped.

But however true this may be, our training must begin somewhere, and we must have within our own individual reach some means of studying sounds and their combinations, before we may be skilled chemically to mix our different qualities and forces of tone.

Now, for that study of harmony which must form the basis of all real musical knowledge, it is evident that the practice of some keyed-instrument, upon which full chords may easily be played, and the sinuosities of part-writing traced without much mechanical difficulty, must be most useful. Although every musician will shape his passages somewhat after a fashion acquired in the practice of his favourite instrument, still, to the vast majority, the piano or the organ must serve as the medium whereby the richness of expanded chords and the simultaneous flow of polyphonic parts must be tried and appreciated.

Of those two instruments—so vastly superior to all others for the purpose—the latter opens, far more widely than the former, the portals through which the question of orchestral scoring may be approached. Modern organs are, to a great extent, orchestras brought under the control of one executant; who is invested with much of the power of a conductor, without being troubled by insubordinate, or incompetent, players in his band. Of the church the organ is the self-contained orchestra: and it is now admitted that an efficient player must put all desirable colouring (not vulgar word-painting, or stagey, theatric depicting) into the performance of the music; and not rest satisfied with the old hum-drum sort of accompaniment, which was supposed to sustain the pitch of the singers by tones no more incisive than those afforded by a fluffy Stopped Diapason and a Flute, or some such feeble tootling; and to keep the time steady by being always just half a beat behind the choir.

The service was founded so scrupulously upon Scripture model that, only a generation back, it still might truly have been said of our cathedral music—

“The singers go before, and the minstrels follow after.”

And this following after had an effect upon the choir precisely similar to the irritation of a spirited horse when he hears a fellow-creature briskly trotting behind him.

But the organists have wakened up more than the singers—they are mostly younger men—and the order of precedence is reversed.

A modern organ has its foundation tones, for weight and dignity, or for modification of the acerbities of the more pungent registers ; its reed pipes for richness of telling, streamy tone ; and its mixtures (under different titles) for brightness of clang. It possesses, also, arrangements for effects not obtainable by any possible orchestral combination : for its stops of soft, wavy, undulating tone, such as the *Vox Celeste*, and the *Unda Maris*—not the atrocious *Vox Humana*—offer to the player a perfectly unique resource ; and, to the composer, effects which have not, in orchestral music, been yet utilised.

In an age when every novelty is eagerly sought for I commend to ambitious young symphonists the idea of announcing their second—or some subordinate—theme in a manner altogether new in the concert-room ; and one which only the king of instruments may adequately afford.

Perhaps, also, the deep tones of an organ might enforce a “pedal” more mildly and musically (with less of mere barbarous noise) than the violent thud of the irrepressible drum. Will they think of it ?

Very few fresh orchestral influences have been discovered of late : and none will be found in the way which most of our young writers are so persistently traversing. Long ago, our organ players anticipated the beauty of the Wagnerian dividing of the strings, whether in their higher or their lower reaches ; just as they knew the efficacy of “mixtures,” and had habitually strengthened the “upper partials” generations before the scientific ages dawned, and eager penny-readers and village lecturers drew upon Helmholtz for their cheap knowledge.

In the performance of an oratorio the organ is invaluable. Without it dignity and weight are scarcely attainable. It gives support and solidity to the voices ; strengthening the foundation sounds and chords : and, if unobtrusively employed, it forms the most important constituent of the whole instrumental force. But it must not be used as the dominant and tonic sounds of the trumpet were formerly (and, alas, still often are) blared out. Many so-called, and even highly reputed, conductors tolerate, with complete satisfaction, the

“Blow ! trumpet, blow !”

of the olden time ; and permit the D, A, D, A, wherewith the drums and

trumpets formally finish off, and with military honours bury, the first section of a Mozart symphony to deafen the ears to all the other struggling sounds which the composer mildly suggested ought to have a chance of being heard.

But the Organ is a high-pressure instrument ; and will not, unless very carefully managed, amalgamate with the orchestra. An Organ Concerto is, with our present development of the solo instrument, even more one-sided than the "Quartet," in which three bowed instruments—which have not grown since the golden age of fiddle-making—compete, ingloriously, with a grand piano of "gun-metal frame" and any number of patented *et ceteræ*. The fight is not fair ; indeed, it is ludicrous. Human lungs and horse-hair bows have no chance against weighted bellows and steam engines. The Organ is, or should be, an instrument complete in itself, with all desirable variety of effect. It supplies the solo and the accompaniment, the picture and its encompassing frame : it affords the softer and the louder strains, and all with adequate and fitting tone. Being thus endowed, it will not, in its corporate capacity—*i.e.*, as, in itself, a complete band—demean itself to become subordinate to the rule of a less powerful ally.

For this very reason, no young musician has a preliminary experience or apprenticeship so likely to lead him to become a clever orchestrator as has the sharp-witted young organist, ever on the alert to cover the defects of his choir.

It is true that the conditions of his later study will not be quite the same as those of his earlier searchings ; but they will very nearly agree. The Diapason tone—which he so long regarded as the basis of, or as the soothing ingredient in, most of his combinations—is not exactly reproduced by any instrument found in the orchestra. The most akin qualities are those of the Horn—unfortunately, an instrument incapable of much agility, and generally smearing and blurring the simplest solo phrases entrusted to it—and of the Viola, the most meagrely supplied member of the string family. Our orchestras would be vastly improved by such a considerable increase in the number of Violas as would permit them to be divided into two, or sometimes even three, parts ; so as to thicken the harmony among the best and most resonant sounds of the whole gamut ; and to afford a powerful and complete nucleus of rich, full, diapason-like tone.

And not only in that way, but, also, by the free use of deep-toned (alto) Clarinets, should the real body and core of orchestral resonance be

augmented. But the expense of providing an efficient orchestra is very considerable. Hence, regard to economy frequently produces a fatal stinginess in respect to the less obtrusive and prominent—but really most important—instruments. The regulation band is like a cheap and showy organ. Solo instruments (or stops) are supplied instead of a strong body of foundation tone; the outer registers being strengthened at the cost of real vibratory richness; and, occasionally, to supply the deficiency, instruments are dragged out of their proper range and taken away from their true scale. Thus, to atone for the poverty of the Violas and for the absence of Alto Clarinets, the 'Cellos and Bassoons are forced upward into regions where (the former by their strong nasal, and the latter by their tubby and obtrusive, character) they become unduly prominent, destroying the balance of the parts and leaving the basis of the harmony to the double Basses (equivalent only to the 16-feet range of the pedals of an organ without the reinforcement of sounds in the 8-feet scale) with such aid as may be afforded by occasional Horn notes. Still worse is the result when the cheap vulgarity of the Euphoniums and Tubas of a military band is allowed to intrude, and to lower the character of the whole.

And, in the multiplication of stops crowded into our largest organs, the blatant Tubas, also, find unwarrantable admission. There may, also, be one or two other strongly-blown ranks of pipes, the tone of which will not thoroughly blend with that of the rest. But, with those exceptions, the effect of a well-arranged and reasonably-complete organ should be a perfect amalgamation of the various constituent qualities, a fusion of the different clangs, necessary to make the whole volume of sound full, rich, and satisfying; brilliant without shrillness, and sonorous without coarseness. But the player must exercise a discretion like that of the orchestral conductor who does not suffer his trombonists to blast and snort like infuriated wild beasts, or as a locomotive in difficulties; or permit his oboists to screech unmercifully. The rougher registers of the organ will prove all the more welcome in proportion to the rarity of their use: and that organist will make but a poor orchestrator who emphasises every loud passage by tones resembling those of a street Apollonicon.

In passing from the organ to the orchestra, the student must remember that his foundation tones (those of the strings) have a more Gamba-like quality than the English diapasons have; and that he will, therefore, be less dependent upon the reed instruments than he has

been upon the reed pipes. His knowledge of the proper use of 16 feet, or sub-octave, pitch on the manuals will suggest to him the occasional thickening of the harmony in the middle range, where the real richness of vibration lies; and, in his employment of any instrument for the prominent display of a melody, he will profit by an experience larger and more varied than could be gained by any preliminary study other than that which he has enjoyed. His blendings and alternations of reed and flue stops will have prepared him for orchestral varieties of expression.

I take the young organist, therefore, as the best prepared of all students for the consideration of instrumentation on that large scale which is termed orchestration. Of course, he must make himself acquainted with the capabilities and effects of the different instruments for which he has to write suitable passages, and which he has to bend to his purpose. He must (like all his schoolmates) familiarise himself with the qualities which are to be his carefully modulated tones of expression—sometimes calm and soothing, sometimes powerful and dignified, and sometimes light and playful. He must measure, not only the force of his combinations, but, also, the strength of each of the qualities which he seeks to unite in such proportion as to generate a blended and harmonious mixture; having neither a deficiency, nor yet a superabundance, of the bright, shrill, upper-partials; enough, but not too much, of the sonorous weight of that central range when the tuner lays his “bearings” and decides the temperament.

On page 28 of my treatise upon “Partwriting,” I took an extremely simple and commonplace consecution of chords, upon which to place a short, crude melody, which was pruned and remorselessly twisted in various fashions as a theme for different modes of accompaniment, and for varied combination with other melodies, in what used to be styled “contrapuntal” fashion. And, in Book II. of my †“Grammar of Music,” Example 390, is—with consistent plan—variously punctuated and extended, to show the facility with which musical sentences may be re-moulded, modified, and invested with a different meaning.

I cannot do better than follow a like plan in my present inquiry. It is desirable that, in each department of musical research—whether the question be of rudimentary or of complex harmonies, of the obvious

\* “Partwriting, or Modern Counterpoint” (Novello, Ewer, & Co.).

† Forsyth Bros. (London and Manchester).

leading or the almost endless diversions of pliant dissonances, of simplest presentation or of most calculated and pretentious display of musical fancies—that we should not rest content with the analysis of a few unconnected examples, but should strive to understand, and to grade, the nearly infinitely chromatized scale which is offered for our use in the tints of our sound-language.

Instead, therefore, of quoting a few isolated fragments of admirable tone-colouring, I shall do more good by following my old plan of clothing one poor phrase in diverse costumes, and trying how the re-tailoring may affect its appearance and interest.

Over a very simple bass part



I place harmonies of simplest construction,

The chords have a very ecclesiastic kind of look, especially when thus written in dignified, antique, white-headed characters ; and the sustained sounds of an organ would present them in relevant and sympathetic fashion. Equally clearly and smoothly could they be rendered by any one of the three great sections of orchestral instruments—strings, wood-wind, or brass—but, perhaps, their somewhat pointless character is best expressed by the heavy and lugubrious tones of the diapasons of the organ.

The agitation of the struck wires of a piano so soon becomes feeble that continuity of force of sound could be secured only by a re-striking of the chords—

or by the notes being separately played in some arpeggio form.

Instead, however, of so plain and monotonous a mere sequence of chords the same harmonies may be made to support a somewhat more varied melody.

*Instrumentation.*

On the organ the above phrase could be played on one manual, with tones of one quality; or the melody might be exhibited more brightly, as by a solo voice.

*Solo Reed.*

*Swell.*  
Pedal of unison (8ft.) and sub-octave (16ft.) tone.

The strong vibrations of the deep pedal sounds necessitate a somewhat *staccato* rendering whenever the melody is intended to be thus clearly shown.

If designed for orchestral instruments, the foregoing may be arranged as a solo for a Clarinet; the left-hand parts being softly rendered by the Violins (1st and 2nd) and Viola; and the pedal being represented by the *pizzicato* (or plucked) notes of the bass strings.

For the Piano some such versions as are here commenced would be suitable:—

Carried far beyond some such development of the original idea, the treatment (although, perhaps, capable of being efficiently represented upon either the organ or the piano) would become more or less orchestral in character.

## (a) FOR STRINGS; OR CLARINETS AND BASSOONS.

(b) FOR STRINGS; OR FOR OBOE SOLO, WITH SOFTER ACCOMPANIMENT FOR TWO CLARINETS.



(c) SIMILARLY, WITH SOFT HORN, OR PIZZICATO, BASS.



(d)

Violin  
4

Violas, in two parts  
C: 4

Musical score for violin and violas in two parts. The score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the violin, and the bottom staff is for the violas. The violas are divided into two parts, each with its own staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

(e)

FOR STRINGS; OR WOOD-WIND.

4

C: 4

Musical score for strings or wood-wind. The score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the violin, and the bottom staff is for the violas. The violas are divided into two parts, each with its own staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

## (S) FOR STRINGS; OR FLUTES AND CLARINETS.

Musical score for strings or woodwind instruments. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 4/4 time, with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 4/4 time, with dynamics *f* and *mf*. The first section of the score shows eighth-note patterns. The second section shows sixteenth-note patterns, with the bass staff featuring sustained notes and grace notes. The score concludes with a dynamic *p*.

## (G) FOR STRINGS.

Musical score for strings. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 4/4 time, showing sixteenth-note patterns with grace notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 4/4 time, showing eighth-note patterns. The bass staff includes a dynamic marking *Cello*.

Musical score for strings. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 4/4 time, showing sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 4/4 time, showing eighth-note patterns.

(A)

## FOR STRINGS.



(i)

## FOR FLUTES, OBOES, AND CLARINETS.



Almost all the foregoing versions may be played—with, of course, less effect and distinction of the parts—upon a complete modern Concert-organ: even the piquancy of a military band (i) being attainable from

an instrument liberally supplied with keen-toned pipes of 2, 4, and 8 feet range.

The dangers against which the student, who approaches instrumentation through experience of the Organ, should be warned are a fondness for a too full harmony ; and an excessive use of instruments to represent the 16 feet range to which he has been accustomed ; effects which soon become monotonous ; and which, if employed to accompany vocal music, have a great tendency to weary the singers and to drag down the pitch. He should, also, be chary of employing a Flute as a solo instrument, or to join a singer in a melody. Nothing could be feebler, more insipid, or more dispiriting than a Tenor song with a Flute tooling an octave higher. Indeed, the singer who, with such provocation, can maintain a strictly accurate intonation, may be confidently trusted never to warble flatly. But it is only fair to add that two or more Flutes may be effectively used in the lowest octave of their compass when a rather full-toned, but very quiet and unobtrusive, support of sustained chords is required.

The Flute is, generally, grossly misunderstood. In doubling the higher notes of the Violin it is worse than useless ; inasmuch as its sounds are comparatively lifeless ; and the probability ever is that they will become audible only when they are not absolutely true in pitch. But when judiciously used, within the compass of the treble stave, Flutes serve to produce a softening and rather mellow effect, exactly opposed to the pungency of the Oboes, which are so commonly busy within that range.

I remember looking over, some years ago—at the request of a candidate who had unsuccessfully competed for University honours, and could not understand the cause of his failure—the score of his exercise, which had been pretty liberally embellished by one of the examiners armed with a blue pencil. The examiner evidently was of orthodox faith. Having been brought up strictly according to the old mode of using flutes, and being determined to resist all innovation, he had been unable to shun the temptation to rebuke the hapless aspirant, and had been so unwise as to give his reasons for disapproving of the novel manner of scoring. The “exercise,” certainly, richly deserved condemnation ; but not for some of the reasons assigned. The poor fellow, who was attacked with a (befitting) “fit of the blues,” had little fancy, few musical ideas, very slight knowledge of the art of construction, and decidedly feeble notions of part-writing : perhaps he was a flute-player !

If so, that might account for his perception of the best way to utilise his favourite instrument. He, certainly, was not brought up among those amateur organists who delight to accompany a bass solo with a flute; possibly in order to represent—by the union of ethereal and sublunary tones—the thanksgiving of the confederated army of saints, above and below.

The heavier reed instruments, also, are often not well treated. I have already pointed out that the higher sounds of the Bassoons are very prominent. But, throughout their whole compass, any *staccato* rendering of their tone is apt to become ludicrous. The following—not ineffective when played, with moderate quickness by Flutes, Oboes, and Clarinets—must produce an inclination to laugh if transferred, an octave lower, to Clarinets and Bassoons:—

(j)



But the pointed grip of Violas and 'Cellos would, with less coarseness, render such a passage creditably, when it is taken too rapidly to be feasible with the plucked strings.

## A STRANGER'S VISIT.

### VII.

WHEN Edgar next visited his uncle's house, it was in the general sitting-room that he had to seek Margery. He interrupted a conversation that was going on ; and from a fragment of speech he caught, it seemed that his cousin had been suggesting something of which her father could not approve.

"Oh, pooh, nonsense, Margery !" Mr. Brandon went on, when he had cursorily greeted his nephew, who silently took a seat. "It would never do."

"Why not, papa ? A musical evening would be quite a new thing. And I am sure Herr Hunyady would like it. I am afraid he thinks we have no musicians in our town."

"And whoever would you invite ?" the music-master asked, laying his paper down upon his knee with an air of presenting an insurmountable difficulty.

"Why, everyone who has anything to do with music ; and then no mistake could be made."

"What, Jenkins and Smith, and that conceited little ass Nasmyth ?" These were the few of his fellow-professionals who ran him closest in the race for success. "And what do you suppose Jones, who has just got the Old Church appointment, and thinks there is not a man in the place fit to hold a candle to him, would say to being asked to meet all the riff-raff of the profession at my house ?"

"I would not care what he said, so long as he would be sure to come, if only to meet a bigger man than himself in Herr Hunyady. And perhaps he might find that there are a few amongst the riff-raff—one at least, Dr. Wallis—to whom he might not inaptly hold a candle himself."

"Bravo, Margery !" said her cousin in a low voice. "It does seem, certainly," he could not resist going on to say, "as if the musical men of England know too little of each other, and allow petty conceit and jealousy to stand in the way of that union that everywhere makes strength. I think there must be more fellow-feeling in Austria and Germany, for Hunyady speaks very generously of his brothers in art."

It was Margery's turn now to feel gratified.

"Does he not?" she said in a feeling tone. But Edgar's speech had been tactless as far as his uncle was concerned, and but for an interruption from Ernest, who had just strolled in, he would probably have been made to feel it.

"What is it you are talking of, Margery?" the young man of the house inquired. "A musical evening? Ha, ha! What an idea! More likely ask my father to give us a ball."

"But I don't want a ball," his sister replied. "That would cost a great deal of money in wine and nasty eatables for greedy young men, who would not thank him, and who would besides think it a favour and a condescension to dance with the girls. A musical evening now would cost next to nothing, and would give mamma no trouble. There is the great music-room ready, and just the thing. Do, papa, think of it, and see if it couldn't be managed."

But Mr. Brandon had had enough of the subject, at all events for the present.

"I hear, Edgar," he said in a somewhat severe tone, "that you have a notion of turning to music yourself."

"Yes, sir," the youth replied with an air of reserve.

"Better be warned in time and stick to what you are. The musical profession is a most uncertain one in its prospects. A fortune has never been made in it by an Englishman; and the best that can be done in it is to earn a moderate competency after years of hard work in teaching. What the worst is—well, I need not describe that to you."

"If the worst is a career like my father's," the youth answered in a firm, guarded voice, "I will take my chance at that, rather than seek a more certain and a better fortune in another line."

"Oh, go your own way," Mr. Brandon remarked, catching up his paper again and lifting it to read.

Margery was afraid of a silence that might establish estrangement of feeling. "Have you got your fiddle with you to-night, Edgar?" she asked in a lower tone.

"No."

"Well, come into the east room, anyway, where we can talk."

This proceeding in his gentle cousin surprised him a little, but he followed her cheerfully, and watched her as she established herself near the window of the front room, and reached out her workcase and her embroidery silks of many colours. He could not help looking at her, and wondering if her face was really changed. The look of her eyes, always

beautiful, seemed fuller, kinder, and deeper; the curve of her delicate lips more conscious and self-contained; the poise of her head prouder. Was she, after all, a woman beautiful enough to make another man's heart throb at her glance?

"I was thinking, Edgar," she said, "that you forgot to leave me your father's note-book the last time you were here."

A grim smile came into the young man's face.

"Why, Margery!" he answered leniently, "it was you who forgot. I picked it up where you had left it."

"I, was it?"

"Well, here it is, in case you find an unoccupied quarter of an hour in which to think of it. You can't overlook it here." And he placed it inside her work-case, amongst the bobbins and needle-cases.

"What have you been thinking of lately, Edgar?"

He gave her an amazed glance as first answer to her impossible question.

"Well, for one thing," he went on, as if he were adjusting his thoughts to another groove, "I have been thinking about those prospects that my uncle has been kind enough to warn me against. I remember you didn't approve of the piano-tuning idea, Margery, as a career. How do you like this one? I am thinking of taking—not my 'mandolin on my back,' but my violin under my arm, and strolling through Europe, as Goldsmith did with his flute. I am sure I can play as well as he, and I dare say I should get enough each day for my night's lodging and food. I should be acting the modern troubadour, and following Gluck's example into the bargain."

But Margery looked at him without laughter. "I wish you wouldn't talk so, Edgar—it vexes me. I think, then, you don't treat me seriously."

"You think that! When I— I— (he actually stammered and turned away his kindling glance), when there isn't a thought I don't wish to tell you." He recovered himself then, and said more slowly, "Haven't you found out yet, Margery, that it may sometimes be necessary to resist a too strong inclination against seriousness?"

"I don't know that I have," she answered, fixing an unconscious and inquiring gaze upon him. "Perhaps that is my fault. Everything means so much to me, when to others it may be only a light and trivial matter."

"Yes, yes," he said sympathetically, "I am afraid it may be so. But I came to talk to you to-night about going to Oldbury. I think it could be managed."

"Oh, thank you," she answered—and he fancied he saw a shade of repressed feeling cross her face; "but don't trouble about it for me. I have given it up."

"You have!" he exclaimed, with unmistakable satisfaction.

"Yes. Didn't you advise me to stay at home?"

She tried to laugh; and then they both heard, for the door was ajar, a tread upon the stairs, and waited for Hunyady to appear, for they knew that it was he. As he came in, Edgar felt suddenly as if he himself had no actual place upon the scene. He was shunted off the boards, and stood below as a spectator, watchful and unregarded. He thought he detected a subdued eagerness in the looks of the two, as if they met now after some sense of separation, whether actual or only in feeling he could not tell.

"So, Fräulein Marie," Hunyady said, with a long-drawn "so," after he had politely greeted Edgar, "I find you here at last."

"At last!" she repeated lightly. "A short at last, indeed."

"To you, perhaps. How long is it ago since Sunday?" He stood before her, looking down with that smiling and masterful air he had.

"Have you begun upon your opera yet?"

"I have noted one song, the first for Bertha. When will you try it over?"

She allowed herself to look back at him brightly, and shook her head in that sweet doubtingness that so became her. "I can't do operatic songs, I'm sure."

"We will see." Then his eye seemed caught by the work that lay idly on her knee, and he picked up curiously the unused thimble. "Ah, now I know where first I met you. It has always puzzled me. It was to you I gave back this very thing in the passage of the concert hall, was it not?"

Margery acknowledged, with a laugh and a blush at the recollection, that it was.

"Then I think it is mine by right. One is not bound to restore lost property."

"But you did restore it."

"Ah! if I had only known! But you can give it to me now as a reward."

"Reward for repenting?"

"Then as a souvenir."

"I thought souvenirs," Edgar curtly remarked, "were flimsy, trashy things, made on purpose. Margery happens to use her thimble."

"That is so," Hunyady gravely responded, and his eyes seemed to add something more. "But, mein Fräulein," he went on, relinquishing the question of the thimble, as he laid the article on one side, "I have brought down my photographs to show you."

"I should like to see them."

He produced a miniature folding screen in morocco, and before he took the seat near to Margery he proceeded to unfold it ready for inspection. Edgar was watching him, and was surprised by a sudden gleam, of consternation or amusement, that crossed his face. Immediately he saw the long lithe fingers of the pianist's left hand—with his right, which he now partially used though he still carried it in a sling, he supported the frame—press some spot near the upper rim; and he fancied, by the motion of the hand, that a photograph had been slipped by intention under one that probably stood beneath it. Almost at once the screen was handed to Margery, and Edgar drawing near with a show of interest, saw that two goodly rows of photo-pictures were disclosed, only the place that had been touched was a blank.

Hunyady had plenty to say that was of interest. He had his mother and his favourite crippled brother to point out to Margery, who appeared already to have heard of them. There were friends of his, some of them musicians and *virtuosi* whose names she knew; there was the young poet who was supplying the libretto for his new opera; and there were lovely, plump, and theatrical-looking women, actresses who had taken part in his operas. Then with a quick blush of surprise she recognised, in a slim serious girl, the likeness of herself. Edgar, who had seen it from the first, was not prepared for her surprise, and he perceived that she was either vexed to have it there or vexed that he should see it. His mouth was shut in a grim line, and he thought within himself, "Now, if he had hidden that from her, I could have forgiven him."

But Margery tried to laugh the matter off. "You couldn't have brought that from Austria with you," she remarked.

"No," Hunyady answered, with a laugh that was much fuller than hers, "I confess to you that I took that from your mother's album. I knew it could be better spared there than where it is now."

Margery bent her head, and Edgar fancied he could guess the wish that was struggling within her with pride and shyness for utterance. He was no sympathetic friend or sister to generously help her, but a man cousin, so she had to speak for herself. "And I have no such easy and doubtful course open to me. I must search for your likeness, I suppose, in some shop where the photographs of celebrities are sold."

"Mein Gott! No," he ejaculated with pious horror. "I must send for one, if you wish for it. Which will you have, the Berlin or the Vienna one? But you shall have a whole set to choose from. My mother keeps them all, I believe, beginning with a faded photograph of me as a boy of ten, when I first played in Buda-Pesth."

"I would like the last one, please, which will be the most like what you are now." Then, as she relinquished the photograph frame, she asked, "What about that melody you had composed. Have you used that for Bertha's song?"

"No, I am saving that for English words, which I asked you to supply for me. It came into my mind that evening when—you remember?—you asked me to look at the English sunshine, and to listen to the English song-bird. If it was born of English influences, it must be expressed in your language. Have you found anything for me?"

"I have been looking. See, there is a book of miscellaneous poems here, and there are plenty of good things in it."

"Point out some to me."

"Here are Waller's beautiful lines, 'Go, lovely rose!'" And at his bidding she read them out.

"No, no, mein Fräulein," he objected, "that will not do. That is but a shallow gallantry that reminds the loved one of the quick withering of beauty in face and flower. That is not true love: it is conceit."

"Oh, but it is exquisite in expression, and really true. Well, how would you like Shakspere? Here is his 'Blow, blow, thou wintry wind.'"

He listened to that also, and shook his head. "It is gloomy and sad: my melody would not fit it."

"Ah! here is Ben Jonson's 'Drink to me only.'"

"Oh, Margery," her cousin remonstrated, "think of the old tune."

"Yes, to be sure; that would not do."

"What is that?" Hunyady inquired.

"It is only that the poem is already associated with beautiful music."

"Let me hear it."

"No, you must hear the song some day. Listen to this: it is by George Herbert, and is called 'Vertue.'"

"Really, Madge," Edgar said at the close, "you are picking the most unsuitable things."

"Oh, you can't say it isn't exquisite."

"But it has too much in it, and is too involved to be suitably set to music. A song should never be over weighted by thought."

"I have two critics, I see, instead of one. I think I had better choose for myself. Now, here is one that would suit me exactly. It only wants notes that I may sing it. It expresses my sentiments almost as well as if I had asked Ben Jonson to put them into poetry for me. You remember what I said when you reproached me with singing the songs of men, Herr Hunyady! Here is a retort."

## IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

## A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more

The fools or tyrants with your friends.

To make us still sing o'er and o'er,

Our own false praises for your ends :

We have both wits and fancies too,

And, if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,

If we would search with care and pain,

Find some one good in some one man ;

So going thorough all your strain,

We shall, at last, of parcels make

One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,

In any curious piece you see,

More pleasure while the thing he makes,

Than when 'tis made—why, so will we.

And having pleased our art, we'll try

To make a new, and hang that by.

Edgar broke into a short laugh of genuine appreciation, but Hunyady again refused to be pleased. "Doch, Fräulein Marie, that is humour; that is satire, yes! But music is no vehicle for laughter."

"I'm afraid you are hard to please."

"No, I know the thing that I want, if I could find it in English. It is the counterpart of Heine's 'Du bist wie eine Blume.'"

"Then will you take the book and look for yourself? And if you will not set music to 'Men, if you love us,' Edgar must try it: it is really a shame to leave it unused."

But Edgar had caught hold of the volume, and was turning its pages. Perhaps, though he had no knowledge of German or Heine, he had a key to Hunyady's requirements in the matter of song.

"Would this suit you?" he asked. "It is also Ben Jonson's."

And he read aloud the last stanza of "Love's Triumph."

"That is it," Hunyady said at once. "Pass to me the book, if you please, that I may have the words."

Edgar gave him the book, and then rose. "I'm going now, Margery," he said.

"Oh, not yet," she pleaded, as if she really wished him to stay.

"Then I," said Hunyady, "will bring down for you Bertha's song."

When he had left, Edgar stooped and picked up a fallen photograph, that must have occupied some loose position in the frame, and slipped from it. As he turned it, he saw, as he had expected, a portrait that had not been visible in the exhibited rows—a woman's face, ripe in beauty and coarse in type. The youth's own face went quite red, but he stepped across to where his cousin stood.

"Margery," he said, in a voice quick almost to fierceness, "where did you first see Hunyady? What was that about the thimble?"

"Oh, nothing, Edgar. I only met him in the passage, before his recital, and he picked up my thimble."

He held towards her the photograph. "I think Hunyady has dropped this. You had better give it to him."

She looked down on the bit of pasteboard presented so obviously, and seemed surprised. "I don't think it's his," she said.

"It isn't mine," he remarked, with a harsh laugh.

"Of course, then, it must be his. Perhaps we saw it. I will leave it on the table, that he may notice it, for I am going now to look over Millie's lessons. Good night, Edgar."

He thought her tone was cold, yet could not guess her feelings. As he held her hand a brief second, he longed to speak a further word or two. But what had he to say? What was there, after all, to justify the suspicion and indignation that filled his mind? But his soul was wroth within him that Margery should still smile unsuspectingly at the man who could deceive her in a small, if not a great, matter—who held the secret of a woman's picture from her, and kept it hidden.

### VIII.

THE last day of that week was wet, as several before it had been. The heavy drops of rain pattered pitilessly on the fresh spring green, and broke the stems of the newly-opened flowers, and hushed the ardour of the song-birds. Within the town it swept the pavements clean, and washed the sooty roofs; but it filled the carriage-ways with liquid mud, and beat the smoke lower than the chimneys.

Dr. Wallis and Hunyady sped by cab to a colliery district that lay to the north-west of Coalburn, there to keep an appointment with the

local musicians of Oldbury. The road thither was broad and ascending, and skirted the brow of a long ridge, whence, but for the almost continuous line of buildings on the route, a wide view might have been obtained. Below stretched a broad shallow valley, and in the flat of it a still deep river meandered, while copses and woods hung to the gently descending slopes and bluff scarps. But the landscape was neither peaceful nor rural in aspect; the river was not pure; the young green of the foliage was already in its spring-time curled and yellow-edged; the steam-horse screamed continually on its level flight along the valley; and the pyramidal frames dotted here and there, with attendant chimneys, engine-houses and refuse heaps, showed where the busy borers sought black wealth in the bowels of the earth. Above this valley, on the heavily-paved highway skirting the ridge, a string of coal-carts crept, like a slow black stream, from dawn to dark, towards the town; and weak-kneed men, with black faces, out of which their eyes loomed a ghastly white, carrying often a bundle of bright green candles in their hands, were to be met with any time of the day returning singly or in groups from the pits. But this was Saturday, and pay-day. The dull roar of the tide of coal-carts no longer deafened the passers-by: it was at its short and weekly ebb. No coaler, the grime of his eight hours' "shift" freshly glued to the sweat of his brow, and shivering from the heats of subterranean passages in the chill fresh air, was to be seen either on highway or bypath from valley-pit. The pits were emptied, the cages and machinery at rest; and the men had betaken themselves, fortnight's wages in pocket, to their homes, or to such refreshment and recreation as their spirits fitted them for.

It was where the houses of the highway had thickened into a place large enough for name, having a great coalpit as centre, and two churches and numerous public-houses as accessories, that the visitors' cab drew up in front of a brick building of considerable size. Dr. Wallis led the way inside, and up a flight of steps within to what appeared to be a small hall. A sound of musical instruments in operation met them on their entrance, and on the platform, at the further end of the room, they saw a few men grouped about the music stands.

"Ah! they have begun already," Dr. Wallis said, as they walked slowly up the hall. "Look, the man with the grey beard, who is playing the violin, is Elihu Benson, through whom I know the rest."

The man pointed out had a solid, quiet face, and wore rough grey clothes and a round hat, that were as respectable as his beard. He had

turned his eyes towards them as they entered, and then continued, without change of expression, his play.

"Is he a —— miner?" Hunyadi asked, with a pause for a word.

"No, he is not a collier himself—he is engaged in office work at the pit mouth. He's an extraordinary man in his way: has never learnt his instrument in a proper sense, but has played it from a boy. Like all self-taught men, he thinks naturally a good deal of his own performance; but I think, when you have heard it, you will agree with me that it is a little unusual in his circumstances. I knew nothing of him till he came to me two years ago, to ask me to teach his little daughter Jane the piano. Why, there she is!" and he pointed to a small child, who stood near the group in hat and soiled pinafore and with dirty hands, having evidently run in after her father from street play.

"Wie! is she your pupil?" asked Hunyady, with a touch of amusement.

"Yes, and a capital little performer she is, keeps splendid time, has a vigorous touch, and reads well too. While teaching her I have met at Benson's house some of these men, who used, it seems, to have more frequent music meetings in the past, when a professional man, since dead, got them together and provided unlimited grog."

"And who is it who now plays the horn?" He denoted a pale young man, whose thin cheeks were at present distended by his performance, but which at rest fell into hollows. His hair was light coloured and scanty, and his creased black clothes, that lay for six days out of the week in a neatly folded bundle in a chest, hung about his thin frame loosely.

"That is a collier: I forget his name. But see, the elderly man who leans forward, with his fingers turned inward on his knees, is one of a musical family, Eccles by name. He has a small shop some miles further along the high road, but he leaves it mostly to the care of his girls. He is a professional in his way, playing the 'cello at Schulz's concerts in the winter, and attending many of the local concerts hereabouts. His son, young John—he ought to be here, by the way—is a most promising youth, and already takes violin solos at concerts all over the countryside. His brother Timothy was, I suppose, the grandest player of the lot, but he has long been a sad drunkard; and his old father, who has a small laundry here, keeps him at home now, to get in coal and such like, for his musical rambles took him into temptation, and were followed by drunken bouts."

They were close to the men before the whispered information came to an end, and they stood till the music came to an end.

"Eh! take that 'ome wi' yer, Jem," Elihu remarked, as he laid down his bow, "an' see if yer can make aught of it."

Then, while the collier meekly laid aside the music sheets, he turned to the two gentlemen, whom the rest of the men had briefly greeted by nods.

"Well, how are yer, Dr. Wallis?" he asked in clear and confident tones.

The choirmaster was not quite so peremptory however. He insisted on shaking him by the hand, which was evidently a strange and foreign mode of salutation in these parts.

"I am glad to find you here, Mr. Benson," he said cordially, "and I have brought with me a Hungarian gentleman, Herr Hunyady, who wishes to hear you play."

"Quite right," Elihu replied, while he kept his seat. "Eh! we can give him a tune or two, I'll be bound."

Hunyady's genial smile and bow around at his introduction seemed out of place amongst these stolid men. In spite of his strange aspect, his individuality of face, they seemed hardly to notice him. He was to them only some "furrin chap," while in Dr. Wallis they saw a well-known English man of music, an organist and choirmaster, whose services were in request for anniversaries and church festivals, and for whom it was worth their while to play. Jim, the pale-faced collier, edged a chair towards the stranger, with a natural instinct for courtesy; but they all looked to Dr. Wallis, who said,

"Well, now, what shall we begin with? Isn't your son coming, Mr. Eccles?"

"Yes; he's just gone round for Tim."

Even as he spoke, the two entered—a tall, well-made youth first, with broad, good-humoured face and fish-like mouth, that proclaimed his relationship to John Eccles the elder; and behind him his uncle Timothy, a sunken-shouldered man of inert gait, with a countenance that had lost animation or expression. The boon companion of earlier days was warmly greeted.

"Well, 'ere's Tim."

"Eh, that's right, lad. Well, now we'll do."

While the men were getting into place, Dr. Wallis leaned over to where Elihu sat, and said in a lower tone—

"Did you look over the music I sent you, Mr. Benson?"

This was some English chamber music he had got together with difficulty for Hunyady's benefit, and he had hoped the men would be induced to play it.

"Well, a did, but a couldn't see there was so much in it."

"No! Well, give me what you like, then."

"'Ow'd it be to start off with Beethoven's septet?" John Eccles inquired. "We'd used to play it long sin, and 'twould warm us up a bit."

"Eh, it's mighty cowld in this big place," said a man whom Dr. Wallis had not particularly noticed, whose instrument seemed to be the bassoon.

Whether Hunyady understood the man's speech, or whether it was intuitive feeling that caused him to guess its meaning, was not apparent; but he immediately made what two or three of them thought a most apposite remark, and inclined them to believe that, after all, common sense might not be entirely limited to Englishmen.

"But, my friends, will it not be well to have something before you begin? What is it you drink—wine or beer?"

"Oh, no," Dr. Wallis answered at once (for whatever the rest might think, he was nonplussed by the suggestion), "it wouldn't do here, you know. It wouldn't be allowed in this hall."

"We'd a done a deal better at my 'ouse, Dr. Wallis," Elihu said, as one who has foolishly given way to inferior counsel.

"But, Mr. Benson, consider your room. We could hardly have got in."

The place seemed colder than ever for the frustrated intention of the foreigner; and the men had a gloomy aspect as they hitched their chairs into place, and reared weak-backed and dog-eared part-sheets on the music-stands before them. There was some difficulty, too, in the allotting of parts. The bassoon and the horn and the clarinet had each its appointed player; John Eccles, senior, was at home with the 'cello part; and his brother Timothy, with an amiability often overlooked by stronger souls, was willing to supply a double bass. But it was not so easy to arrange about violin and viola. For the post of first violin there were two candidates, as John Eccles, junior, and Elihu Benson were both competent for it. Young John was universally allowed, outside this exclusive and august assembly, to have scaled the ladder of instruments, and to merit the position not only of soloist but of leader. Still, being nothing more than an infant in the eyes of his elders, he had, himself,

no thought of pressing his claim—he would have accepted the second place without grudge. The difficulty lay with Elihu, who would not have had the slightest hesitation in allotting the viola to the lad, if he had not wished to play it himself: his heart, in fact, grieved him sore that he could not appropriate both parts. On the one hand, it was not his nature to play second fiddle, and the first was often his by right of seniority and real distinction of play. On the other, the viola was his true instrument; and though he often neglected it for the sister violin, that stood first in place, and allured by its greater wealth of composition, he still had a hankering after his old love. And his own viola was a wonderful instrument. It was his boast that professionals had borrowed it wherewith to shine on special occasions. He loved to make its contralto strings vibrate, to listen to its deep, swelling tones; and this surely was a fitting opportunity for showing off its beauties. These considerations decided him to take the part. Still, it was with a divided heart that he gave the lead to young John, remarking severely, "There, lad, see you start us stric'."

This naturally fluttered young John, and it was with anything but a strict beat he led them off. But presently he began to feel his feet in the throbbing music, and recover his head, and tread firmly amongst the sedater players; and the thing began to move forward with a swing of a mighty whole, and not a number of parts jogging on side by side. Beethoven, too, began to work like grog; he warmed them up, body and spirit; and these men of lowly life showed by eye and face, as well as instrument, that they, too, equally with the most cultured, were akin to that divine spirit that dwells in music. The drunkard's glazed eye brightened, his mouth became set in decisive curves: he who dwelt amongst the soap-suds and coal-holes of life was wafted suddenly heavenwards: he felt the bliss of a fallen angel who is lifted once again to the old heights of glorious achievement and participation.

It was he whom Dr. Wallis chose to assist him in the next performance, for he was anxious to bring forward Edgar Brandon's air with variations for piano and violin. He was not considering himself in the matter, so did not scruple to take the piano part before the great pianist, while Timothy read the manuscript with skill and translated it into violin tones. His fellows were not wrong in the praise they meeted out at the close.

"Eh, that's fine!"

"There's music i' thee yet, lad!"

"There's not many 'at 'ud beat that!"

"And whose may the piece be, Dr. Wallis?" young John asked bashfully, with the air of putting a most irrelevant question.

"It's written by a young pupil of mine, Edgar Brandon. I think you would like it, Mr. Benson. I will send you over a copy, in case you care to try it."

Next a quartet of Haydn's was played, with Elihu as first violin, and under his firm sway it went excellently. But before it was over, Dr. Wallis perceived he must vary the programme.

"I wish," he said to Hunyady, "that your arm was in working order again, that you might take something with Mr. Benson."

"I will try," the pianist said, with an appearance of great readiness. "The doctor has already given me partial leave to use it."

"Gentlemen," Dr. Wallis said, turning to the rest with an accent that he could not keep from being impressive, "Herr Hunyady consents to play. He is a pianist, you know. I wish the piano were a better one to offer him."

"It is a bad one, certainly," Hunyady said with a laugh, as he approached the so-called grand piano.

"But what would you have in a place like this? I sometimes think, Herr Hunyady, that the existence of the piano is only justified by such performers as yourself. It is a cumbrous instrument, easily put out of tune, and not capable of being tuned by its performer. It has spoiled many an ear in England, I am certain; and enticed many a hand, by its easily-manipulated keys, who might have achieved better things on the viol. However, if pianos were not cheap, and poor, and general, we should not be able to offer you a seat at one now, and that is compensation. Now, what will you play? Mr. Benson, is there any concerted music here for the piano?"

Some well-bound volumes of Elihu's were brought forward, mostly sonatas for piano and violin.

"Have you not Beethoven here?" the pianist asked, as he turned them over.

It appeared not, though Schubert and Mozart were there.

"Which, then, shall we have?" he said courteously to the violinist. Elihu chose a sonata by Mozart in A, and took up violin and bow with the air of a solo performer who is about to be assisted by an accompanist. He started the *allegro molto* with a broad full-toned beat, and though irritated by a sense that his accompanist desired to go forward in an

unseemly scamper, he successfully held his own, and asserted his superior sway. But there was just a little rumple in his brows as the first movement came to an end. He was not accustomed to be jogged in point of time; he had oftener had the more comfortable sensation of tripping over his companion's heels in ease of execution.

The slow movement was no sooner started, and the pretty phrase



set in swing, than he abruptly came to a stop. "'Old 'ard, young man!' he cried. "That 'll not do. It's little music we'd get out on't at that rate."

Dr. Wallis looked aghast at this free speech, and Hunyady himself turned his head with a moment's amazed haughtiness. Then he recognised the position, and smiled. "As you like, my friend," he replied: "the time shall be yours."

This went without saying to Elihu, but it might, of course, be a pleasant manner of speech peculiar to a foreign people. So they started afresh, at a slower rate, and certainly without injury to this particular movement. The violinist moved with ease and comfort over ground on which he shone; for his phrasing was excellent, his tone suave and expansive, and his expression, in which he always excelled, true and touching. He had the sense to-day of surpassing himself; and while he felt that he was being not unably seconded, and supported at a height of musical feeling unusual even to him, he yet believed that its source lay within himself.

But while Elihu listened to his own play, and Hunyady listened to their joint performance, the men around began to listen exclusively to Hunyady. Even below the restraint and holding back that his performance exhibited, at first, under Elihu's iron bow, there was an overmastering impression of power and reserve; and now he was making the piano sing as they had never yet heard piano do. And then, what powerful tones, what ease in swift passage, what strength he showed! After all, the piano might not be such a poor instrument that any gawk could strike the keys of; there was something in it now, very nearly as rousing as a fiddle. Before the piece ended some of the men were leaning forward, hands on knees, with something like an excited look on their faces; young John's mouth was open; and little Jane stood staring, her bare arms rolled tightly in her pinafore, bewildered at a performance that bore no resemblance to her own.

Elihu laid down his triumphant bow with a sensation of flutter entirely new to his calm mind.

"Eh, well, maister," he generously observed, "you do none so badly yourself."

Dr. Wallis wisely suggested a continuance of piano and violin, and by the time Schubert's Sonata in D was finished everyone looked to Hunyady to continue alone.

The pale-faced collier put up a murmuring petition for "The Harmonious Blacksmith," which was handed forward by more valiant spirits, and the Hungarian played it. Then he went on from one piece to another, delighting in his own renewed sense of power, and filling his listeners with awe and amazement. At last he started up with a face that seemed to match his play, and prepared to go; but before he left, he shook hands warmly all round, thanked the men for their music, and said he hoped they would remember him as well as he should remember them.

Dr. Wallis lingered for a moment behind to gather his manuscript sheets, and old John Eccles said—

"An' who may yon be, Dr. Wallis? It's no common sort o' man can make the piano sound as he does."

"You're right, Mr. Eccles," the choirmaster said heartily. "It is Janos Hunyady who has played for you, and he is celebrated all over Europe."

Then the men of Oldbury adjourned to a warmer atmosphere and more congenial surroundings, and discoursed further in fluent music and slow speech. And amongst the musical reminiscenses that more and more flavoured the speech of these men, as years went on, the chiefest incident, the crowning triumph, was that occasion when the great Hunyady came to hear them play and stayed to play himself.

## TRADE AND ART.

**I**F we compare the present century of England's history with any previous one, we should at once be struck with the immense increase in its commercial undertakings. We should find buying and selling carried on with more expedition, and on an infinitely larger scale; and along with this has come the increased facility of obtaining almost every species of goods. Many of the things which are now so common as to be enjoyed by almost everyone were at one time luxuries limited to the few. Not only does this apply to bodily comforts, but extends to the means of mental improvement. That education, that expansion of the mind which is to be obtained by travelling or by the reading of books, is far more accessible, spreads to a much wider extent, than formerly.

We are apt, then, to look upon an extension of commerce as the groundwork in civilisation and general advance of a nation. Buying and selling, as it reaches an advanced stage, we look upon as bringing with it an improvement generally in our modes of life. But although we admit it to be essential, or, at any rate, can conceive of no state in which it is absent, although we admit it to be a powerful agency in the progress of a nation, yet there is one aspect of it (and that the aspect on which we lay most stress and which proves the great stimulus to its pursuit), which may be, and frequently is, production of distinct injury to the welfare of mankind. With every strictly commercial transaction, we must associate the expectation of those engaged of some pecuniary success, some profit resulting from a sale, or adequate renumeration for labour. The motives for action then lie in the individual's own worldly interest. What gigantic undertakings are entered on with this expectation of future pecuniary reward! The face of England is thickly covered with a complicated network of railways. Immense ships are built to convey goods from continent to continent; distance has become of little account in our anxiety to buy and sell. How far-seeing have we become in all those cases where pecuniary success is to be expected? Huge manufactories are built with wonderful appliances for turning out articles at the highest possible speed—at a speed to which we have become so accustomed, and to which our general wants have so accommodated themselves, that, were it suddenly to cease and the old order to be resumed, we should soon be in a sorry plight.

This advance of commerce we look upon as progress—and justly so to a large extent. But, although we may allow this, we are not justified in regarding undertakings which are not commercial, which are not founded on a sound financial basis, as not being equally important factors in the general progress. Yet there is a broad-spread tendency to regard any proposed undertaking for the benefit of the world so much from the commercial point of view. We incline to let our first question be, "Will it pay?" rather than inquire if it is really beneficial to mankind. We look so much for direct rather than indirect rewards. Even in choosing our pursuits in life we tend to neglect the higher and aesthetic pleasures in favour of the desire for worldly success.

The spirit of trade, though in many ways beneficial in causing huge difficulties to be overcome, which without the stimulus of future gain would have been left undone, is harmful, inasmuch as it leads us to think too much of financial soundness and too weakly of real benefit and use. If we look around us, how many things can we readily see are manufactured and sold which can help the world in no degree or be positively harmful—how many thousands of books with no merit, how many thousands of patent medicines blazed about with advertisements. To say the least of it, deceptions are offered to the world because they will sell, with little or no thought as to whether they have a right to sell, whether they have any use. Granted that a strong demand can be found for an article it will pay to manufacture it, and to do so is commercially sound policy. We do not altogether consider what the demand ought to be for, and supply that only. Everything must be made to pay; and if it will not pay to manufacture and sell what is really good, then something which will be wanted must be supplied. If trade were only concerned with what is useful, if those who devote themselves to its pursuit emphasised to themselves the desire for the perfection of whatever might be of real value, and allowed no self-interest to weigh against this desire, then there would be something of artistic pleasure in it.

But there are other influences which affect the welfare of mankind in a higher degree than that of trade. There is, and always must be, a vast amount of work and expenditure which does not demand a return of such a direct and material kind as that which it is the object of trade to obtain. There are other influences at work for the welfare of mankind than the merely commercial. Not all our labour and expenditure demands results so direct and tangible. We have to work and spend for what is less manifest, but which is none the less real and valuable

from the fact that its working is secret and hidden. We cannot, for example, weigh and measure by any standard the development of mind. We have to work by faith for some desired good, expecting not a harvest of commodities, gold, or possessions, but of rights preserved, of safeties against injury and vice, of higher and worthier feelings, more enlightened knowledge. Many of these require expenditure to a vast extent; but there is always this difference between such expenditure and that of commerce, viz., that the former has not as its object a direct return, but rather is undertaken for the sake of its own real value; whereas the desire of direct return is the mainspring of the latter. Take, for instance, the expenditure of Government (imperial and local), which has to be supplied by our rates and taxes. In paying these, the return (not being direct, not being such as we obtain from trading) which is made is by no means always sufficiently realised. The security, the immunity from danger and oppression, the general benefits are enjoyed by all alike; so that we tend to be unappreciative of them, and forget that they can only be retained by our expenditure. Instead of regarding this as well-spent money, we incline to look upon it as a pest and exaction; and the tax-collector is universally looked on as an unwelcome visitor whom we must, though grudgingly, satisfy.

So with our religious institutions, everthing has to be done with no expectation of pecuniary return. Past ages have been fertile in men who were willing to ungrudgingly devote their money to pecuniary means for the establishment and continuation of places of worship. They had faith in what they did that it was worth doing, nor did they feel that the price they paid was, or could be, too dear for the furtherance of what should spread a goodness and happiness around not only their own lives and those of their contemporaries, but, also, of their successors for centuries to come. We are reaping the inestimable fruit of their labour and self-sacrifice, not merely in the possession of the means of worship, in the churches and chapels with endowments, but also in those religious feelings which we have inherited from them. Thus the highest influence of all has been brought to bear upon everyone. Throughout the land is provided the means of religious knowledge and feeling, so that he who wishes may obtain it, and all must in some way or other come under its influence. Shall we, then, abate in our energies and not make religion still more powerful? Shall we who have received, or may receive, so much not recognise its value and feel that whatever we sacrifice is not so much lost and unfruitful expenditure, but the very best and most fruit-

ful investment—an investment which will certainly not bring us so much per cent interest, but will pay only in the influence for good on ourselves and the world.

The days when religion was looked upon as a means of getting the reward, by hook or crook, of eventually gaining heaven, of sacrificing and spending here because afterwards it will be worth while to have done so—those days, it is to be hoped, are of the past. That is as but making religion pay in a lower sense, making it a kind of insurance against calamity in the world to come. Religion must be fostered and supported, not on the supposition that it provides an escape from punishment, but through the faith men have in it.

Our educational establishments do not pay. Elementary schools, colleges, and universities are not self-supporting, but have to be aided by unselfish efforts, or they could only be accessible to the wealthy. But the wishes and anxieties of men have been for a wider diffusion of knowledge and intelligence than could be possible if such institutions were founded on a merely commercial basis. Knowledge and intelligence have been rightly felt to be such high influences as to warrant men, through their own sacrifice, to prevent their being possible only in a cramped fashion to a few fortunate ones, and to render it obtainable by a much wider circle. Their reward was the inward satisfaction of having helped their fellow-men in some way, however small. Intelligence is one of the very foundations of society and is to be regarded, not as an escape from ignorance, but, rather, as an advance to a higher state—a striving for truth rather than an avoidance of error.

By endowments, grants, and voluntary efforts much has been done; but only so much as to make us wish for more. Education is not now to be looked on as merely the special privilege of those who possess wealth and leisure. It is to be made a path for all; so that he who wishes may walk along it. Yet we can hardly look upon education as paying, especially when pursued with the highest and purest enthusiasm. Not only have our institutions to be propped up by contributions—being, if left to themselves, broken and bankrupt in a very short time—but those who pursue knowledge must be willing to lay aside as much as existence in a world so saturated with commerce and commercial relations will allow, the expectancy of at any rate adequate pecuniary reward for their efforts. Let not the student think that his study is to bring him wealth, that his apprenticeship is a short path of labour to be succeeded by the bright sunshine of the world's recognition and reward.

in those things which the world esteems. There is a reward following the pursuit of learning ; but it is of a different nature—not such as the merchant or manufacturer gets from his trade—not gold but pleasures of a kind which we call artistic, delight in the work itself and for its own sake. It is in this frame of mind, in this exclusion of ulterior object that the student should set his main hopes of reward ; for, if he wishes it to bring him an abundance of wealth while he still remains true, he will almost of necessity be disillusioned.

But by men who belong to learned professions success, in a worldly sense, is attained not altogether by the slow process of steady perseverance and trust in their merit being found out and recognised, but by borrowing from trade some of its principles and assimilating them to themselves. Such men look upon their profession as a means to an end, viz., the acquisition of money ; and deal with what they have to offer as a merchant does with his merchandise. They study rather what is wanted than what ought to be wanted. Again, there is such a thing as "push," a quality much valued and in the present time indispensable to the business man, and looked on by him as being admirable ; with this push, though, there is associated the idea of jostling and working one's way through a crowd ; gaining a position for oneself, utterly regardless of those around. Now such a disposition in a professional man is especially objectional, for it shows too intense a desire of personal glory and gratification ; whereas the natural result of study is to make our interests gravitate to something outside of ourselves. A boastful, self-glorifying philosopher is as curious an anomaly as a modest retiring tradesman.

If we wished to find the real and noble workers in the world, how frequently should we have to seek them out in quiet and unassuming positions, having a genuine and disinterested love of their work and laying aside the headlong strife for that popular repute which brings their names on everyone's lips. Gaining repute is to a considerable extent a business, and the fame a man obtains is by no means always in direct ratio to his merit. The greatest men have remained, in their own time, comparatively unrecognised ; whilst the fussy, self-advancing individuals received repute. The great composers and literary men have met with scant sympathy in their own time ; and have, frequently, been in straits even for the means of existence. Shall we, therefore, say their work has not paid. Certainly, in the world's sense it did not pay. They had too strong a feeling for their art to allow it to be degraded by any

search after popularity. Art was first with them, the centre of their being ; and other prosperity only secondary. The highest art-work can only in its time appeal to the few ; only the few are able to appreciate it : the demand is but limited for the best in art. Shall the man, therefore, who is capable of great things say to himself—"To what purpose will my striving tend ? Why should I, to my own disadvantage, seek after an airy, unsubstantial advance in art ? No, that is one of the fanciful dreams of youth destined to result in a disillusion in a few years. It will be better for me to give up the conflict, to deal with what is wanted, what will give me the cheers of an admiring public whose taste I may secretly despise, but whose money is at any rate something tangible." Which is it right for him to do ? This is not a mere fanciful position ; but one in which, in some form or other, many may be placed. It is not unusual for two courses to be open to a man, one of which he feels to be a direct furtherance of art, and the other the better for his worldly interests. There can be little doubt which we ought to admire more—which is the more unselfish.

We see, then, that what is of the highest value in life, what makes life worth having, without which man would be little removed from the lower animals, do not pay, are not fixed on a sound financial basis. True work and worthy aims cannot be selfish. The higher values are all artistic ; they are the colourings, the bright hues of life. Art is unselfish, and, being so, can hardly be expected to pay. Nay, it is an incongruity to express an equivalent of the higher values in terms of money, to compare what is priceless with gold. What price could we set as an equivalent of the work of Shakspere, of a single symphony of Beethoven ; of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the actual money paid for which was but a few pounds ? We are lost in any attempt to fix a price, and feel it as impossible to do so as to make a comparison between any money value and a true friend. For true works of art are friends stable and constant, always alike ready to cast a cheering ray and chase away the dark shadows of life. We cannot rightly treat artistic work in any of its forms as merchandise.

But art-products have to enter the world by the channels of trade. An author or composer must find a publisher, whose interests are mainly commercial and who views his undertakings from a commercial point of view. He has to find out what people want, or are likely to want, just as any manufacturer makes only what he expects to have a ready sale ; and as saleability is such a poor test of real worth, we ought not to be

surprised to find genuine art-workers receiving the most meagre sums even for their greatest efforts of genius. Every work has two values—the commercial, which is just what it will fetch in the market, and depends on the demand there is for it, and the real value, which is represented by the ennobling and elevating influence it will have on the world. What the real value as an influence for good will be can rarely be determined at the time of its entrance into the world. It will have to stand the test of time to see if it will bear the wear and tear. Its acceptance at first is but little test as to whether it will be ultimately recognised as worthy or unworthy. Taking these things into consideration, it will be seen that we cannot expect genuine art work to pay.

But the spirit of Trade creeps into Art and tends to degrade and destroy it. We have, then, to make a distinction between such as work for the love of their Art and from whom questions of money have no power to make them deviate from the course which their better instincts prompt them to take, and those who treat whatever talent they possess as so much power in obtaining wealth, and are ready to employ it in that direction, even to the sacrifice of Art—between those who are willing to dedicate their lives to the pursuit of artistic ideals, and those who are ready to deal in Art, as the merchant does with his goods. The former we call *Artists*; the latter would be best represented by such a term as *Art-mongers*. These latter hold themselves in readiness to learn the whims and caprices of the people and to adapt themselves to them. They follow more or less the advice given by Defoe in his "Complete English Tradesman," mentioned by Charles Lamb in the "Essays of Elia." "The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all possible ways to his business; his customers are to be his idols; so far as he may worship idols, by allowance, he is to bow down to them and worship them; at least, he is not in any way to displease them or show any disgust or distaste whatsoever they may say or do. The bottom of all is, that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender; so the seller is servant to the buyer."

Such cringing, such lack of independence, is a pitiable sight in a tradesman. But how much more in one who has the responsibilities which Art imposes on its servants. With him it is not merely an act of servility, but a forfeiting of his right to rank himself as an artist. The higher a man's attainments the more unworthy does such action

become. For it is a mistaken notion that a man has a right to do as he likes with his own. He is no more free to do so, morally, than he is to offend against the laws of his country. That unwritten law which proclaims against the violation of Art should be as binding to him as an Act of Parliament. Increased abilities and talents do not bring with them freedom and liberty, but rather a stronger binding force; for there is more at stake in any degradation to which they may be subjected. And, again, the more developed an artist becomes, the fuller the enjoyment he obtains, the greater should be his reverence and love of it for its own sake, and the less ready should he be to break his idols and set up unworthy ones in their place. And along with the degradation of himself goes the destruction of good influence which he might have spread to those around him. Every deviation from the right path toward excellence in Art makes it more difficult for others to go aright. When all around are giving way to that easier course, how much more arduous becomes the conflict for one who is determined to follow the only true road. Every musical artist, whatever his particular sphere, gives to the world the power and capability of enjoyment which is the most elevating and refined; he is diffusing an influence which, next to that of religion, soothes and gilds life. Can he, then, if he recognises this, have any two thoughts about his course? Can he rest satisfied with the creation or perpetuation of anything less elevating or less ennobling than the highest he is capable of? Let an artist once recognise money-making the aim of his work, and it will surely suffer a degradation. Trade and Art are opposed to one another. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

By what has been said it is not meant that an artist cannot rightly receive payment for his work, that he must be able to live without receiving the means of existence from the practice of his art or else perish; but this—that payment should count as *nothing* in compensation for a sacrifice of his highest artistic instincts. There is need enough in the world for genuine workers, and they rarely cannot find by honourable work a sufficiency, if they have but patience, and are content not to let their wants grow too rapidly. But there is a widespread desire for what is called "success"—a desire for the means of satisfying innumerable and expensive wants. We incline, in spite of our reason, to measure a man's success in life by the size and grandeur of his house and the extent of his grounds. So the desire for the recognised symbols of success has become almost universal, and even artists have come to want much

which, in consideration of the elevating and ennobling influence of art, they might have been reconciled to do without. At any rate, we must consider it nobler to limit our wants than to furnish unworthily the means of satisfying them.

Goethe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," has well represented a contrast between the commercial and artistic spirit in the characters of the hero and his father. Wilhelm, in answer to the complaint that his passion for art was useless, says: "Aber ums Himmels willen ist denn Alles unnütz, was uns nicht unmittelbar Geld in den Beutel bringt, was uns nicht den allernächsten Besitz verschafft! Hatten wir in dem alten Hause nicht Raum genug, und wap es nöthig, ein neues zu bauen? Verwendet der Vater nicht jährlich einen ansehnlichen Theil seines Handelsgewinnes zur Verschönerung der Zimmer? Diese seidenen Tapeten, diese englischen Mobilien sind sie nicht auch unnütz?"

Let us see some of the abuses which may be traced to the spirit of trade as it enters musical art. In the first place, with regard to a composer. It will be well for him from a commercial point of view not to trouble about any real advance in art, but to leave that to others, as it does not "pay." He must concern himself with learning the knack of writing in a popular style; if he gains that he opens the road to fortune. A comic opera, a light waltz, or a weakly sentimental song written with this knack will pay. Of course such things will not last long; they will be found out, and they will be cast aside; but they may, all the same, last long enough to enrich him.

How flimsy is much of the music performed at concerts which are professedly high class. It charms and delights the public for a time, till its nothingness is found out, and it passes into well-deserved neglect. How intolerably irksome does it become in a few years. There is, now-a-days, too much of that desire for something new, something fresh from the composer's pen. We like to have our theories and opinions, our books, and music so very much in the same way as our newspapers. There is such a rush to "keep up with the times" that we have less opportunity of becoming acquainted with past works, however good they may be; and we prefer even to spend our time and energy on the ephemeral works which will soon lose all interest. So there is much work for the obliging and accommodating composer who has the desire and power of writing for the masses, who is willing to give them what they want even if it is not good for them. Thus a writer truckles to the executants or vocalists; allotting to them flimsy, show off passages which will render his composition popular.

But in the case of a singer there is, perhaps, the greatest temptation offered to the sacrifice of art. Vocal music is infinitely more popular than instrumental, and there is, therefore, the tendency for vocalists to be loudly applauded, irrespective of the worth of the music they sing. It is a beautiful voice which the public likes to hear as much as good music; and vocalists able to gratify that entirely sensuous taste suddenly rise into eminence. Vanity and disregard of art for itself, is the result. Instead of offering to the public the most artistic music they select such as will pay for themselves, either in the way of gaining popularity, or else by the most direct means of being tipped for including a song in their concert *repertoire*. They become satisfied with mediocrity in a actual musical attainment knowing that real excellence will not bring them any more money.

So, also, our concert-givers degrade art. Programmes are made up, stars engaged, everything done to make the concert pay. So entirely does the royalty system prevail that, not only must the singer or player be paid to introduce a piece of music, but often the concert speculator, or the programme-maker, must be "tipped" to insert a new work. Thus the choice of works for performance comes to be determined, not purely for their artistic merit, but by the extent to which they will pay.

Audiences are attracted by at least an expectation of excellence; if they are deceived so much the worse is the deceiver. Happily the deception can only be for a time. If our composers, performers, and concert-givers only sought to offer what was capable of *permanently* interesting the people no harm would be done; for a work which can gain and keep a place in the hearts of the people must have real merit, must be truly artistic. It is the first judgment which may be erroneous. To be immediately pleasing to a popular audience a new work must be capable of being readily comprehended; its meaning must be altogether on the surface: and, if this is so, how soon is it exhausted. With regard to the permanent or transitory nature of any art-work the professional man is much more likely to form a correct estimate than the public. It is culpable, then, for him to use his superior knowledge in any way that tends not to the real advance of art, but to the gratification of the immediate desires of the people.

With a teacher, too, the spirit to trade may be active and injurious. He ought to guard against allowing any desire for popularity to weigh against what he feels to be best for the creation and development of artistic appreciation among his pupils.

The commercial aspect, we see, has too strong a hold on all our art-work. The public is the purest part of the whole. It may be foolish and easily deceived, but it, at any rate, seeks excellence. Its deception is only for a time ; and, as a result, the ultimate fate of a work or of a performer is (not the word of a programme-maker, nor the verdict of a critic, but) the mature judgment of the people.

In two ways may the degradation of Art be amended ; by the general advance of musical education, so that the people will become better able themselves to form correct judgments ; or by a stronger feeling of the necessity for honesty among those who have some power of judgment. If a higher state of musical culture is reached by the people, then will any undertaking in the best interests of Art become more successful as a commercial speculation.

We want a stronger faith that the right thing must succeed, whether of a work to be interpreted or in the selection of interpreters and mode of interpretation. In the long run this degradation of art, this making it pay, must lead to disappointment.

But the duties and responsibilities with regard to Art rest not only on those who devote their lives to it. We have noted how religion and education have had to be supported by voluntary and unselfish effort. Why, then, should we, who recognise this with regard to such influences, not be ready to support in the same way the advance of musical Art ? Very little has been done in this respect. Musical Art in England has been allowed to take its chance. In return for the readiness of musicians to give pleasure to others how little has been done for them ? Music, if it is to be as powerful and wide-spreading an influence as it ought to be, must have support. If we but consider how few schools and colleges for music there are we should see one direction in which the voluntary efforts of the people, generally, ought to be exerted. Seeing that our other educational institutions cannot be themselves founded on sound financial basis, we could not expect establishments for the spread of musical knowledge to be commercially successful. But none the less are needed easier means of musical education ; and if music were but recognised to be the important factor it really is, we cannot but think that such means would be forthcoming.

ARTHUR WATSON.

## THE MAGICIAN ON THE G STRING.

### A MUSICAL REMINISCENCE OF WEIMAR.

*(From the German of J. C. Lobe.)*

ON the 25th March, 1828, appeared in the Viennese theatrical paper the following notice: "A very interesting item of intelligence for the musical world is the announcement of the arrival of the celebrated violinist, Nicolo Paganini, of Genoese birth, who has determined at last on undertaking an artistic tour outside Italy, and will first make art-loving Vienna acquainted with his performance," &c.

Celebrated? Possibly in Italy! But we in Germany looked down from a very considerable height upon the Italian masters. Their operas might be given throughout the whole musical world, but they were regarded by the German critics but as ear-catching trifles, musical jingle. They were quite incapable of producing instrumental music—a symphony, for example—and as for their executive talent, it was long since there had been any mention of such a thing. There Germany and France held the honours. As violinists there towered above all the rest amongst us Spohr, a giant physically and artistically, Lipinsky, Kiesewetter, Mayseder, &c., and in France there were Rhode, Baillot, and others. But few had so much as heard of the Genoese violinist: the general public knew nothing whatever of him. Add to this that he gave the impression of a decrepit old man; and, as a matter of fact, had already attained the age of forty-four. At best then a ruin, but still good enough for the German barbarians! And thus it was not to be wondered at that at his first concert, given on the 29th March, there was but an indifferent attendance.

But—on the day afterwards! Then the whole of Vienna seemed verily to have gone music-mad. To obtain tickets for the concerts which followed, the house was besieged from the early morning hours by immense crowds of people; and though the prices were first doubled, then trebled, many a one in lieu of a ticket carried away but bruises scratches, and torn garments.

To judge by the articles which now appeared in the Viennese newspapers, either all the musical critics had gone mad or else the Genoese fiddler was in truth the most extraordinary and phenomenal executant which the world had ever seen or heard of. For example, one critique ran thus: "Whoever has not heard Paganini can form no notion of him. To give a detailed account of his playing is utterly impossible; and, further, an oft-repeated hearing will be of no avail." The calm and reasonable critic Castelli wrote, "Never has an artist within our walls created such a sensation as this God of the Violin. His performance is the most perfect, the most marvellous, and the most admirable which can possibly be heard in executive musical art. He begins exactly where others come to an end; he produces the incredible, nay—since we are absolutely in the dark as to the means whereby he gets his effects—he produces *for us the impossible!*"

And from all the towns which he now visited, Breslau, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, there resounded the same rapturous plaudits.

As though we could help being curious! "Will he come to Weimar?" This was now the question, for me, at that time as momentous as poor Hamlet's, "To be or not to be?"

Our little capital with its meagre purse, I said to myself, can hardly offer sufficient inducement to entice him, when one reads of the enormous sums which the larger cities must expend upon him. Yet the little capital has, nevertheless, a great name, so I consoled myself. There still live Goethe, Hummel, and Marie Pawlowna, herself a pianoforte player of the first rank. If Paganini is a true artist he will not pass by Weimar. Thus I talked to myself: for I am an old man, and old age is garrulous. And for this reason I stroke my pen through many a page of my manuscript, upon which I have described my waiting sensations, and at once pass to that evening of the 29th October, 1829, when our orchestral factotum, Buchholz, came to me with the announcement, "To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, rehearsal on the stage for Signor Paganini's concert."

And for the reasons referred to above I pass by even the rehearsal, and at once give my account of the concert in the evening. All those in the town or surrounding neighbourhood who could afford the double prices of admission had flocked thither. The house presented a splendid appearance. Those present were so closely packed, nay, so wedged into each other, that (I wish to be taken literally), an apple falling could not have reached the ground. A solemn stillness lay over the assembly.

All eyes were directed toward the stage, every ear vibrated in anticipation to the tones of the famous magician. The overture was ended ; the poor thing had struggled its best in vain, since no one paid the slightest attention to it. At length, after a tolerably long pause, Paganini (like some other great lords we know, he loved to be waited for) stepped forward. In his left hand the violin, in his right the bow, he glided with soft, hasty tread through our ranks till he reached the footlights. No desk was placed there, for he played everything from memory. He made some slight and rather clumsy bows, lowering his bow like a general on parade salutes his sovereign with his sword.

Never in my life have I seen a man whose appearance pained me so much, or who touched me with such emotion and pity. There he stood — a meagre figure in an old-fashioned dress coat, and in black trousers, which touched the ground and hung loosely about his lean limbs, as though about a veritable skeleton. From out his long locks and singularly curly whiskers there looked forth a long visage, fleshless and bloodless, with a long aquiline nose. From his shoulders there hung down arms like those of a baboon, to which were attached very long and thin hands of snowy whiteness. I could not but, involuntarily, think of Callot Hofmann's "Kapellmeister Kreisler." Or again, as he looked down upon the assembly, so far away, so isolated, one might say so unsympathetic, did he appear, that it seemed to me as though I saw before me Ahasuerus, the poor cobbler of Jerusalem, who for an insult to our Lord, must still, in the nineteenth century, wander on and on over the earth vainly seeking death.

He opened with his E major concerto. The *ritornello* began. He had naturally high shoulders ; and, whilst playing, he had a trick of approaching them so closely together, that his head assumed the appearance of being impaled *à la Turque*. He held the bow, contrary to the practice of all other violin players, close to his body. Thus he led the orchestra ; and, during the *tutti*, flashed through and above it with electric sparks of tone.

But what am I to say of his playing ? All those were indeed perfectly right who said that you had to hear him, since no one could possibly describe him. Meyerbeer once said to Cafil Blaze : "Imagine to yourself the most wonderful effects which it is possible to produce upon a violin, dream of all the marvels of the bow and of melody, and Paganini will still surpass your expectations."

Once in a certain assembly of Frenchmen, where there happened to

be a noted curmudgeon, a collection was made for a charitable purpose. The collector accidentally came a second time to the skinflint. He replied, "I have already contributed, sir." The collector answered, "I beg your pardon, I did not see it, but I believe it." Very promptly a witty neighbour of the harpagon broke in, "As for me, I saw it; and still I do not believe it." So it was with Paganini. Those who had just listened to his performance came out saying, "They who have not heard him will not believe," and one of his critics wrote, "I have heard him, yet still I cannot believe."

And just as little were the more minute descriptions of his absolutely unheard-of tricks able to give anything more than a distant conception of the essence and reality of the effects he produced.

For to what purport are all such descriptions as these. "You hear beside the tones peculiar to the violin, sounds not as of an instrument, but, as it were, voices of primitive nature—now resembling the simple twitter of a bird, now again the trill of a nightingale or the silvery tinkling of a bell, now flute-like and softly dying away like the western wind, now rushing on stormily in double-stoppings and seeming to rule the entire orchestra. "He executed certain runs, leaps, and double-stops which had never yet been heard from any violin-player; he played the most difficult two, three, and four-part passages; he gave, in the highest octave close to the bridge, the chromatic scale pure and distinct. In the first solo of his E major concerto he climbed by a chain of four-part *arpeggio* chords, with the swiftness of lightning, to such a height as caused us fiddlers absolutely to lose our violin understanding, since even for the initiated the riddle was unsolvable. The greatest violinists thought much of it if they were able to bring out easy little passages in harmonics. Paganini made use of them in the most various and utterly unexpected, the boldest and most unusual forms. In the "Sonate Militaire" upon one string, by means of harmonics, he brought before the listener almost the whole range of sounds capable of being produced upon all four strings; so that any one not looking entirely forgot that all this in reality was evolved from the one string only. Absolutely incomprehensible, even upon the full-stringed violin, were the passages in thirds, sixths, octaves, tenths, and the double shakes of arrowy swiftness; and the semiquaver runs, in which one part was brought out *pizzicato* and the other produced by the bow. He evolved the sweetest sounds so close to the bridge of the instrument that the bow could scarcely find room betwixt it and the finger. The most wonderful feat of all was

when with the left hand he plucked a marvellous *pizzicato*, whilst he continued the theme with all its incidental difficulties absolutely undisturbed : nay, he even produced in one long swift run, from the very topmost height to the deepest depth of sound, a constant interchange of notes in *pizzicato* and notes produced by long bow strokes.

If, after the delivery of the Concerto and the Sonata on the G string, any one believed that his feats had come to an end, and that he could not possibly bring forth anything new, this belief was presently dispelled ; for, in the variations on "Nel cor piu non mi sento," which he gave at the finish, unaccompanied by the orchestra, he displayed new and inconceivable wonders. Without the aid of an orchestra he provided his own accompaniment. A variation was carried on throughout in three-part harmony, whilst the melody was ornamented with a shake accompaniment. He maintained a theme upon the E string, whilst at the same time he accompanied it on the A, D, and G strings. Again, he sustained the tone upon one string during one, two, and three bars, whilst at the same time he was playing runs and *pizzicato* on the other strings. All this, and more besides, he carried on throughout with the greatest ease and the purest intonation, without missing a single note.

All this belonged to his *technique*, the highest and most perfect which human ear had ever heard. But, after all, this magic *technique* was but the interpreter of his incandescent soul. In his playing, seriousness and playfulness, profundity and lightness, tragic melancholy and rollicking humour were varied and interchanged in the most perfect fashion. André has on this point given us the happiest dictum, and from his paper in "Hesperus" we take the following :—

"Are we to consider Paganini a musician in the higher sense, and a musician of a pronounced and distinct individuality ? - Without having regard to his incredible mechanical facility, this is a question which I feel constrained to answer in the affirmative, for he breathes into his execution a soul such as no one else is able. It is this *anima* which produces such an indescribable effect upon all finely-strung and susceptible minds—which gives to his tone that peculiar characteristic colouring—and for this reason he will ever remain inimitable, since it is his own soul which he pours forth in his playing, and his own proper individuality which he causes to speak. For he has succeeded in making his violin into the organ of speech : the voice of his own feelings and of his own peculiar state of mind and culture. The emotions which pass through his own mind are expressed upon the instrument with rare

truth, fidelity, and subtlety. If we may be permitted from his playing to draw an inference of the state of his innermost mind, we find contending therein (if only perhaps in the form of reminiscences) the stormiest passions with the tenderest feelings, intense suffering with the most unutterable joy, brooding melancholy with child-like playfulness. And were I to sum up all together I should say that we have here, finding an outlet, a mind torn by volcanic passions."

It can well be imagined what a commotion the magician raised amongst us. The applause of the Weimar public, always hitherto remaining strictly within the limits of moderation, burst all bounds, and roared through the house like an advancing tide. Even the calmest-minded caught the infection and were carried away by delight. Paganini knew well that an artist must himself feel before he can awaken feeling in others. He had chosen as his motto, "To call out strong emotion you must yourself feel strongly;" and with reference to the impression of his playing left upon the heart, Holtei wrote, after his drastic fashion, "Paganini has played at Weimar; and there also, wriggling upon his four miserable strings, he has caused men's souls to cut capers within them."

He approached the footlights as a poor, decrepit-looking man of weakly build; but as soon as he took his violin, raised the bow, and began to play, a giant-like strength, which had been but asleep, seemed to awake—nerves, muscles, and limbs were all strength, rigidity, and high tension. Spirit, force, and life were within and about him.

How is it that he has become so great—so absolutely incomparable? On that subject we shall have to question the history of his life.

Paganini was born at Genoa, on the 18th February, 1784. His father was a not particularly well-to-do tradesman, who was passionately fond of music, and cultivated it "with little talent, but much pleasure." He soon discovered his son's natural bent, and taught him the rudiments of the violin. He was a hard and severe man, who forced the boy to stick to his instrument the whole day, and who, if the lad did not seem to him sufficiently industrious, drove him to redouble his efforts through force of hunger.

In his ninth year the young violinist was first heard publicly, at a concert in his native town, Genoa, amidst the unprecedented plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. After receiving instruction at Parma, from the famous Rolla, and in composition from Chivetti, he gave himself up to solitude, carrying on his studies most assiduously. From

the age of fifteen, he, for two and twenty years, travelled and gave concerts throughout Italy, perfecting more and more his marvellous attainments. For some years he held a post at Court in Lucca. But passion had awoken to life in the fiery young Italian. He led a dissipated life and became a terrible gambler, which resulted in shattered health and pecuniary distress. When he made his appearance in Germany, he had sobered down and become even frugal in his habits ; and it is from Vienna that his world-fame may be said to have taken rise. He now visited Germany, France, England, Spain, Poland, &c., and, at last, after an absence of ten years, he returned in the summer of 1834 to Italy, loaded with fame and riches ; from that time living either in Genoa, Milan, or Parma. After a short stay in Paris—where, on account of his shattered health, he was no longer able to give concerts—he hastened to return by sea to Genoa, fancying that there he might recover. It was a vain hope. Nice was to be his last abiding-place. His malady—consumption—there made rapid strides. His voice completely failed him, his strength fast ebbed away. On his last evening he seemed quieter than usual, and slept a little. When he awoke he had the bed curtains put aside, that he might look upon the moon, just rising in full glory in a cloudless heaven. At the sight, his senses once again sprang to life ; he seized his violin, the faithful companion of all his travels, and in its tones was wafted to heaven his last sigh.

The great master died on the 27th May, 1840, in the 56th year of his age.

But, with the death of this extraordinary man, all was not yet over. He was an Italian and a Catholic. He believed in God, but not in the priests. He liked to visit churches and cathedrals to admire the heaven-inspired masterpieces of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter ; or to enjoy the sacred music of the old Italian and other composers. But the multiplicity of ceremonies and the clouds of incense, which mystify and obscure the minds of the people, he hated. This, no doubt, had come to the ears of the Catholic priesthood. The Very Christian Archbishop of Nice forbade him burial in consecrated ground ; and it was only after long entreaties from his son and his friends that Christian burial was at length accorded to him.

Paganini bequeathed to his son Achilles a fortune of two millions, and to his two sisters legacies of from fifty to sixty thousand, francs : but to the mother of his son—the vocalist, Antonia Bianchi, of Como—only an annuity during her lifetime of twelve hundred francs. He also left

behind a collection of the most valuable stringed instruments of Guarneri, Amati, Straduarius, &c.; the last-named, being the instrument which he ever used at his concerts, he bequeathed, it is said, to his native town of Genoa, not wishing that another artist should possess it after him. According to another account, he left it to Ernst.

Not only, during his lifetime, was he tormented by continued acute bodily suffering, but he was also pursued by the basest calumnies from the many who envied his success and his fame. They went so far as to accuse him of actual crime. "In his youth he had been an associate of thieves"—"in a fit of jealousy he had murdered his wife"—or, seeing that he could show that he never was married, "his mistress." Some asseverated that, in expiation of this crime, he had spent many years at the galleys, "as might be seen from his uncertain, swaying gait." Others asserted that he had "suffered long imprisonment, during which, one by one, the strings of his violin had cracked, until only the fourth was left; and this was what had caused him to bring his playing upon the G string to such an astonishingly skilful pass."

Paris, who plumed herself that she led the march of civilisation, eminently distinguished herself in the invention of such-like tales. Fétiis wrote: "There are, in this city, a by no means inconsiderable portion of the population who live upon the evil which they do, and upon the good which they prevent." Nay, even in his own native country, where grows the orange, and where priest and bandit flourish, many a one maintained, in all seriousness, that he had made a pact with the devil, and had given over to him his hopes for the world to come, in return for being taught in this life all manner of magic arts.

No doubt after Paganini's death all these fables were satisfactorily demonstrated to be but shameful inventions and stupid credulity; but during his lifetime they were held by many as true; for mankind believes in the evil much more easily and much more readily than in the good; particularly when it concerns great and famous men, or those whom fortune has specially favoured.

Beyond these fables next to nothing was known of Paganini's character and private life until he came to Germany. But, afterwards, he was in the habit of selecting from time to time companions to accompany him on his tours, and to look after his business arrangements; in fact, to act as his *impresarii*. One of these—the Hanoverian writer George Harrys—for some time kept a circumstantial diary, from which we obtain many an interesting glimpse into the habits and peculiarities of Paganini.

As a rule, artists are great lovers of nature, but Paganini formed a striking exception. If, on his journeys, he passed through the most beautiful landscape, by lovely villas and stately castles, or through the most romantic scenery, he took no notice ; for him there was no charm. If he did not talk, he was thinking of his art, of his composition, or was lost in melancholy reverie. Another reason, and that a very good one, why he could not look about him was because he was constantly shivering, and would always keep the curtains of the carriage drawn close. He would sit in a temperature of 82 degrees wrapped in his fur coat, and every curtain drawn tight, crouching in his corner, and scarcely allowing his companion, at the side where he sat, occasionally to let in a little air. He continually grumbled at the German climate ; and ascribed to it a great portion of the bodily ailments which he had brought with him from Italy. Often he used to say to Harrys, whilst wrapping himself in his fur coat, "This is an excellent article for Germany : one can never travel without it, even in the middle of summer." Odd to say, *per contra*, he liked best to sit in his room betwixt open doors and windows, which he called "taking an air bath." The frequent colds which he caught in consequence had much to do with his bodily weakness.

Like all weakly persons, Paganini loved sleep. He would often sleep two hours at a stretch in his travelling carriage, and this three times a day. After these naps he was more lively and talkative, and was inclined, sometimes, to joke.

When he had arrived at the post stage he would remain in the carriage, or else promenade, whilst the horses were being changed or fed ; but he never entered an inn nor posting house before he had reached the place fixed as the termination of his day's journey.

His luggage gave him but little trouble. His most valuable possession, his instrument—a Guarneri—lay in a shabby and worn-out case, in which he was accustomed to keep at the same time his money, some little jewellery, and his fine linen. A travelling mechanic might easily have carried the whole of Paganini's wardrobe in his knapsack. His papers, more important than those of many a man of business, were all contained in a little red case. And although they numbered but some twenty loose scraps, yet they held a succinct account of his business transactions since he had left Italy for Germany. But it was all in hieroglyphics, which no one but himself could decipher. There the papers lay huddled together—Vienna and Carlsruhe, Frankfort and Leipzig, income and outgoing expenses, post horses and concert tickets ; and yet he could

find his way in a marvellous manner through this labyrinth ; and rarely reckoned to his own disadvantage, though he was no arithmetician.

Paganini was satisfied with whatever was given him in the hotels upon his tours. It was all the same to him whether he had a garret or the best room, a good bed or an indifferent one : all he bargained for was that it must be in the back part of the building, for the noise of the streets was absolutely unbearable to him. "I have to stand noise enough in the large towns," he would say: "on my journeys I must have quiet."

Once arrived at his destination, no sternly-guarded state prisoner could lead a more monotonous and tedious life than did the great master in his apartment. Nevertheless, he left it seldom, and then unwillingly ; for he seemed to find himself most comfortable when left in absolute solitude.

Vocalists and instrumentalists have painfully to attain facility in their art by dint of persevering industry ; and by several hours' daily practice of scales, solfeggi, and difficult passages, seek to maintain flexibility of throat and finger. But even in this respect this wonderful man was an almost incredible exception. It is a proved fact that during all his tours no human ear ever heard the voice of his fiddle proceeding from his room, with the very occasional exception of the tuning of his violin, and that only on concert days, a few minutes before the rehearsal, or before the concert itself. Paganini, moreover, made no secret of it that he never cared to touch his violin unless he were obliged. "I have practised enough in my lifetime," he would say ; "and am thankful when I need not take my fiddle from out its case."

Since Paganini was absolutely unoccupied when at home, one would have thought that he would give his time to composition. But it was not so. The works (concertos, variations, &c.) with which he made his appearance on his tours had all been written in Italy ; and not a single new production fell from his pen during all his travels.

There could be no question that he was not a well-read man ; for, except a smattering of French, he understood no language but his own ; and he showed no inclination for reading, and made no secret of it (at any rate to his companion) that he possessed no scientific culture whatever. His excuse was: "One can only know *one* science thoroughly. I have devoted my whole life to my fiddle and to the theory of music ; and have had no time left for other scientific pursuits." And he had just as little taste for other mundane matters. In political events he took no part : the

most stupendous phenomena and changes in the world's history, the downfall of the most exalted personages, the fate of Napoleon, the insurrection of the Greeks, or the thought of his own politically torn and distracted country made less impression on him than did the snapping of a fiddle-string in the orchestra during one of his public performances.

But, after all, this extreme one-sidedness of mind, this concentration upon one thing alone—his violin playing—made him the greatest phenomenal *virtuoso* which the world has ever seen.

Taking him all in all Paganini was a misanthrope, as is the case with most people to whom days of health are but rare occurrences. The sickly body is a murky window through which the mind can perceive no more cheerful prospect without. Yet even the melancholy man has moments of brightness, and perhaps of merriment. And so it was with Paganini. When with acquaintances he could be the most talkative and amusing of companions. At such times he liked best to relate anecdotes of his life ; and he knew how to recount them with great piquancy and humour. He was a sworn foe to all great gatherings and feasts ; and it always required great persuasion to get him to accept an invitation. On such occasions he would talk little at table, but enjoy the feast the more. At a great banquet he would seldom leave a dish untasted. His appetite was of the best. He could go on eating for several hours without suffering the slightest inconvenience, and he was not disinclined to sacrifice to Bacchus. Withal he was generally so *distract* that he seldom knew of what he had partaken, or whether it was good or bad. He took but little share in the conversation ; and after the feast was over he would soon withdraw, in order to enjoy his siesta. In the evening social gatherings, where there was less constraint, he was more accessible ; but if anyone wanted to talk with him about music, or to arrange with him a musical *soirée*, then his good humour was irrecoverably gone. In cards or social games he took no interest. For persons he had an extraordinarily faithful memory, but none whatever for places—even the names of towns where he gave his concerts vanished from his memory before he was well out of them.

It was remarkable how nature seemed to have specially adapted him for violin-playing. His fingers were of extraordinary length and flexibility ; he could bend the thumbs so far back that he was able to touch with the nails the back of the hand. Just as extraordinary was the suppleness of his arm : without the least effort he could bend the two elbows close together.

Paganini's behaviour on the way to the concerts, in the concert rehearsals, and behind the scenes, was most remarkable. On rehearsal mornings he was altogether more serious than usual. Although perfectly sure as regarded his execution, he could not rid himself of a certain nervousness. On such occasions he could do nothing but sit still. A few minutes before going to rehearsal he would open his violin-case to see that no strings were broken, tune his fiddle, play a couple of chords, close his case again, and set in readiness the music required for the day. All the time he would, almost uninterruptedly, be taking snuff—a sure sign with him of inner restlessness. If he found that listeners had dropped in, as happened not seldom, he would merely outline his solos, sometimes only indicating them by a soft *pizzicato*.

Nothing finer than his ear can possibly be imagined : the slightest faint never escaped him. In the loudest orchestral *tutti* he would call out, "The second clarinet is not playing ;" or, "I don't hear the viola," &c. If the orchestra did not play to his satisfaction he could be very angry ; but if he were accompanied with precision he would shout in the middle a loud "Bravissimo!" We had heard that, during an orchestral pause, he would display his greatest skill ; and we pricked up our ears when his first solo came. So it happened that we were greatly taken by surprise, and not agreeably so, when he put down his violin with the words, "And so on, gentlemen : let us go on." From fear lest anyone should purloin or copy any of his pieces, he would always take his music carefully away with him, although the principal part was not there, for he played everything by heart. After rehearsal he would enjoy a solitary meal and then rest. It was remarkable that he who during the whole of a concert day was silent and melancholy, should from the moment when he entered the anteroom until his appearance before the public shake off all the seriousness which had clung to him during the day. Whilst waiting, he usually carried on nothing but jests and jokes, and would keep this up until the kapellmeister apprised him that it was now his turn, when suddenly he would return to his habitual seriousness, and go forward to meet his audience.

A pleasing trait in his character was his ever-ready kindness. Young musicians who oftentimes brought to him their ponderous scores, young ladies who wished to learn from him whether their voices were powerful enough for the stage, fiddlers who were brought to him for his artistic judgment as to their merits, artists whose talent he had recognised and who came to him for recommendations—to all of these he was affable,

and advised them according to his convictions. He himself was fond of praise, and would, with eagerness and satisfaction, read the papers in which it was lavished on him. He carried on his correspondence in Italian ; his French letters he was obliged to have corrected ; his handwriting was not the most legible.

Outer splendour and luxury were not to his taste ; even his Orders were seldom used, except when he was appearing in public, and then he wore ribbons only. Often he would say, "What is the use of it all ? I am not proud." To part with money was for him (the former spend-thrift), after his change to frugality, the most difficult of tasks. He would get into the most violent passion over what he considered an imposition in the way of *pour boire*. He was always bargaining, and, consequently, soon got the reputation of being a miser—particularly since his means had accumulated rapidly in consequence of the extraordinary takes at his concerts, where the prices of admission were always doubled or trebled. But that he could be generous, when he deemed it expedient, he has given such a proof as is rarely to be met with. It is well known that Berlioz, during the greater part of his life, was in poor circumstances, from no fault of his own, except that he remained consistently true to his ideal ; an ideal at that time not congenial to the French. The works of Berlioz made a wonderful impression upon Paganini ; and when he had heard the "Romeo and Juliet," and become cognisant of Berlioz's poverty-stricken condition, he wrote to him on the very next day :—

"My Dear Friend,—Since Beethoven has departed, it could only fall to Berlioz to recall him to life ; and, after enjoying your heaven-inspired compositions, which are worthy of a genius like yours, I must beg of you to accept, as a token of my reverence, twenty thousand francs, which will be paid to you by Baron Rothschild on presentation of the enclosure."

Paganini appeared to me at that time (in the heyday of my youth) the most consummate and incomparable artist in the highest sense of the words ; and such he still seems to me, now, when the blood flows with slow cadence in the veins of the old man of seventy-five. Whether there ever will be found anyone to equal him on the violin, I cannot say : such a one has yet to appear. For, whatever commotion he created amongst us fiddlers, with whatever mad zeal they have struggled since his time, in their attics and whenever they handled a fiddle, to learn and imitate his tricks, even to the very pauses in the rehearsal (in the Berlin orchestra the practising of Paganini's artistic feats had to be actually prohibited), yet no one has succeeded in rivalling him.

There have been all manner of *virtuosi* after him, who have learned many of his arts and imitated them with more or less success ; but all his best followers (be their names whatsoe'er they may) are, at most, but fragments of him. This much I know, and all those who have heard him likewise know, that it is not given to mortals to excel him. Robert Schumann said, and rightly, "Paganini has attained to the highest pinnacle ; he is the very apex of the virtuoso's skill."

MARIAN MILLAR.

## OUR QUARTERLY REGISTER.

THE annual conference of the associated Musicians of Great Britain must always form the inauguration of the New Year most interesting to the readers of this journal. Two years ago the National Society of Professional Musicians paid its first visit to London. Gathering, eagerly, to the attack upon the Metropolis, the members flocked up from the provinces, confidently commanding their work and hopes to their London brethren; and, after the despatch of the routine business of their first parliament, held at the Charing Cross Hotel, a meeting that must ever be memorable in the history of the society. At one swoop some seventy candidates for membership were secured—candidates including nearly all the most eminent of the Metropolitan professors not closely allied to those institutions hitherto assuming a kind of right to initiate all movements connected with the art. Had the work of the London section been carried on with the vigour of the impetus giving birth to it, the south-eastern section of the Association ought now to include hundreds of those younger teachers and aspirants who are seeking to make their way to the front, and to aid in spreading a knowledge of music amongst us.

It is the wise custom of the society, in all its journeyings, to place itself under the care of the purely local authorities. Its sectional organisation forms its source of strength; and should preserve it from the decay which, sooner or later, attacks all associations of feebler (because more autocratic) constitution. So long as the free action of each section is preserved—and this is the fundamental principle of the movement—a healthy vitality will be maintained and a spirit of emulation in well-doing. Consistently with a full preception of this, the society takes every opportunity of showing respect to those institutions which, in each district, are peculiarly and directly representative of the people.

In Manchester—its birthplace—the oft-repeated courtesy of Alderman Harwood—now, for the third time, Mayor—has been

extended ; and, in every town where the meetings of the society have been held the corporate authorities have freely granted the use of the public buildings.

Last year the conference—extending over four days—was held in Birmingham ; being opened and closed by the Mayor—Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Martineau—who, with the utmost courtesy, threw open the magnificent Council Chambers, and attended, each day, to conduct the members, during their mid-day rest, through the important public institutions under the control of the Corporation.

The third conference was opened in London, on Wednesday, January 4th, in the splendid Hall of the Drapers' Company, by the Lord Mayor—Alderman De Keyser—and presided over successively by Mr. Cummings, F. S. A., Dr. Swinnerton Heap, of Birmingham, and Dr. Hunt, of Birkenhead.

Many important topics were discussed during the three days' assemblies ; and much good music, by members of the society, was played and sung at the Princes' Hall on the first and second evenings. But nothing was more interesting, or thoroughly enjoyable, than the paper prepared by Mr. Hipkins, and illustrated by him on rare and valuable Clavichord Spinets and Harpsichord, and upon the fully-developed Pianoforte to which they have led. The Friday afternoon spent at the Hall of the Worshipful Company of Painters was, at the banquet concluding the festival, happily described as an altogether unique pleasure. The quaint hall—resembling some of the council chambers of the Netherland, or Belgic cities, and some few mediæval rooms yet to be found undisturbed in our older towns—was crowded by a company of appreciative listeners. Probably, never had player or lecturer a more sympathetic audience. And everything was in keeping. The stillness necessary to catch the faint tones of the Clavichord—an instrument rightly declared by Mr. Hipkins to be addressed to the player rather than to more remote ears—and the presentation of old-world strains precisely as they must have been heard by those for whom they were written, combined to take every mind to days long past, and to steep it in fancies of artistic brightness and almost religious fervour and exaltation.

At the close of Mr. Hipkins' lecture the members proceeded, by invitation, to a special reception at the Mansion House, when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress hospitably entertained them, complimenting them upon the businesslike character of their proceedings, expressing the kindest hopes for the future of the society, and pledging

the Corporation of London to support their efforts for the improvement of music.

In the evening a banquet was held at the Salisbury Hotel, attended by the Masters and Wardens of several of the City Companies, and about 150 of the members of the society.

In reviewing the work of the Conference it would seem as though, admirable as were some of the papers—notably that of Mr. Cummings on the opening day—still a little more care might have been taken in the selection of subjects for discussion. If the meetings are to attract members—at some personal inconvenience—from all parts of the country (as they should do) the topics must be interesting to musicians generally, and must be introduced by men who really have something weighty to suggest. As a general rule it may be taken that subjects which may not be voted upon are scarcely important enough to be allowed to absorb the valuable time of two or three hundred busy teachers from all districts of the kingdom. The meetings must be conducted with a view to some practical result; and not be allowed to degenerate into opportunities for the unfolding of personal crazes of no general interest, and exciting no support. I understand that an idea has been mooted that before any subject is put on the programme of the Conference it shall have been discussed and carried at a general meeting in one of the sections. It is an admirable plan. In such a way confidence would be created; and members would come together braced up by the thought of the real work before them, and with the feeling that matters, already approved by their brethren in some important district, really deserved a fair general consideration. Out of the utmost goodwill to the movement, and with a firm belief in its possibilities, we commend some such sifting and weighing of topics.

The objects of the society are even higher than merely national aims; they are universally important: as was evinced by the reception of Mr. Calixa Lavallée, as the representative of the "Music Teachers' National Association" of the United States: and of Dr. Perkins, a former president, and brother of the present secretary, of that association. The aims of both societies of English-speaking people were found to be consonant: and the sympathy must immensely strengthen their respective institutions.

By a remarkable instinct in both countries the movement has been, as nearly as possible, simultaneous. In America it sprang from a desire to perfect modes of culture, to promote the independence of teachers, and

to develop a National School of Music. As was declared at the first meeting of the recent Conference our American brethren enjoy all the necessary conditions for such a great work. They have the energy, the perseverance, the courage, and the patriotism which comes of freedom. They desire to make history, and they must succeed.

In Britain, we have rather a desire to justify, and to prove ourselves worthy to carry on our history; and the only drag upon our efforts comes of a too rigid conservation of old fetters. If English people are to keep pace with the artists of those lands having fewer traditions, it will be only by resolutely shaking themselves free from the clogging weight with which the rust of ages is impeding their energy. Not only must their training be cleansed from all the impurities of the dark ages and brought into full and bright daylight, but they must be made self-reliant and self-helpful. Musicians must learn to run alone, and not suffer themselves to lean upon outside support or bow to those who desire to patronise and dominate them. The relative position so long suffered, between the Amateur and the Artist, must be reversed. The latter must be the leader and guide and the former must follow and support. We want no more titled committees, and no more meetings to which artists are summoned only to be told of crude, ill-digested schemes, which they are not even to discuss. In future, it must be understood that, when music is to be considered, musicians must be listened to respectfully, however royal or noble may be the audience; just as, in matters of science or literature, scientists and *literati* must be the wise guides and the only authorities.

The Society of Professional Musicians is the outcome of this determination of artists to bear their own responsibilities, and to supply their fair share of help in the national advance and educational upheaving. There are, necessarily there must be, in the ranks of the society many whose minds are not yet elevated to the contemplation of the new state of things; many whose aims may not yet be raised above selfish and personal levels. That matters but little. Their ideas will expand with the general progress; for it is abundantly evident that the society will pass on; sweeping away all obstacles and petty hindrances, whereby selfishness, conceit, and littleness of mind would thwart its progress and subject it to personal aims and interests.

Among the many letters, by eminent musicians, which have been published within the last few years none have approached in charm those of Mendelssohn. Graceful and simple in style, they reveal much of the

character of their writer, and greatly enhance our admiration of him as a genuinely educated, and liberally minded, artist. Their attractiveness is proved by the readiness with which his many correspondents unfold their treasured documents, and enrich the world by a knowledge of their contents.

Everybody knows of the intimacy that so long existed between Moscheles and the only recent genius who has been able, at once, to look backward and forward ; to imbibe the spirit of Bach and yet to reach on into modern development to a point that, as yet, in spite of loudly-vaunted attempts, no one has been able to pass. And everybody will be pleased to read the letters published in *Scribner's Magazine*, for February and March ; which, although they may not reveal any more of the character of Handel's only successor than we knew before, offer us renewed delight, as they again exhibit the geniality and freshness of his spirit.

Some paltry commiseration of the great master's want of prescience in his judgment of Liszt and the school of Berlioz, has flowed from those whose business it is to supply us, as we take our early coffee and rolls, with light-flavoured fancies, not needing much thought. "Poor Mendelssohn!" they say,—"What would have been his feelings, could he have attended a Bayreuth festival?" His feelings might be imagined. When excitement had calmed, the enthusiasm aroused by repeated stimulation had subsided, and the pleasurable intercourse with many friends was ending, probably he would—while freely admitting great earnestness of purpose in much which he had heard, albeit lamenting its frequent devotion to the illustration of myths of very dubious morality—have quietly asked—"And what went ye out for to see?" "Poor Mendelssohn!" forsooth ! Nay ! rather poor short-sighted critic, who discerns not the truly ephemeral character of the excitement about this or that new light, the value of the applause following some skilful utterance of high-sounding platitudes, the fickleness of that devotion which, for a short time, greets any fresh but evanescent luminary.

It is quite refreshing to read in the last number of the *Musical Times* the admission of one of our most resolute searchers after whatever in music is new, and may be good, that "the modern Germans have sought to explore an exhausted vein ; have followed Schumann's path (see page 4) to where it has become choked with full chords and masses of sound." Mr. Corder adds that "we are now passing through the same phase of artistic flabbiness as the Germans, with this difference—our native works show a continual improvement, theirs a falling off."

In this journal this truth was, I believe for the first time, plainly stated ; as, also, the boast that no land "has a more precious inheritance of national tunes than England"—tunes that, at once, prove the fertility of the artistic endowment of our race and show the qualities which must underlie any natural, healthy, and permanent resuscitation of its force.

HAROLD ROGERS.

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**E**VERY teacher of the pianoforte knows the difficulty which children have in remembering the names of the notes on the treble and bass staves, and their places on the keyboard.

Why the lowest line of one stave should be called E, and the corresponding line of the other stave named G, what particular E or G is thus written, and why *any* E or G should be so prominently placed, whereas the exercises first played do not seem to assign to those sounds any special importance, are matters causing great doubt and frequent mistake.

But not only is the placing of the printed characters on the staves taught in a confused manner : the same want of system frequently attends the teaching of the various lengths of notes. Before any exercises in simple pulsation are practised—while the finding of a required note is still an anxious matter, and the action of the fingers very

irregular—probably the poor little victim is still further troubled with complicated divisions of time; being expected to play in correct proportion notes of several different lengths.

The exercises in this work are based upon the principle of learning only one thing at a time; and learning that one thing well. They attest the importance of the sound that lies in the centre of our system of notation. The pupil is shown that the open space between the two staves is the home of that "Middle C" which must (whatever mode of teaching may be adopted) be pointed out at the very first lesson; and must remain the best known landmark on the keyboard. Round that central note—as the musical point from which all other sounds radiate—the early exercises hover until the whole contents of the two staves are known. The chromatic notes, with their enharmonic variations of name and look, are introduced in such a manner as to rob them of all mystery. And, while practising the exercises, the student must be gradually strengthening that perception of the beauty of regular, periodic accentuation of which almost every human being has some idea, and which children are quick to realize and to delight in.

As regards both the acquirement of rudimentary knowledge and the development of digital dexterity the adoption of such a plan must effect a vast saving of labour. The objection which many people entertain to the study of the piano—that it absorbs so much time—is one that may be met only by a careful consideration of the aim of every lesson, and by a rigid adaptation of the means pursued to the end sought. It is folly to suppose that, in order to overcome some little special obstinacy of the muscles of the hand, it is necessary to wade through page after page of a spun-out "study." When a teacher knows his business he may prescribe a short phrase of two or three bars (so quickly read as, at once, to become useful), which, diligently and perseveringly played, must bring to the refractory fingers the desired nimbleness and freedom.

These exercises, scales, and arpeggios constitute a more than sufficient preparation for the attack of such works as are, in the lists issued by the National Society of Professional Musicians, prescribed for candidates for certificates of the first three or four grades. And the author is convinced that a similar system might, with very great advantage, be pursued by the most advanced students of piano playing.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Contrary to the usual custom among the writers of elementary works on harmony, &c., Dr. Hiles has not accepted previously enunciated theories as the basis upon which to construct his arguments. He has preferred to think the questions out for himself; and in very truth it must be said that he has succeeded in placing before the student a straightforward, logical, and reasonable plan. 'The laws of Harmony are deduced naturally and logically from the principle of consonance.' 'No maxim is held binding unless founded upon some natural law; and the illustrative examples (upwards of 400) have been written, not to show a few stereotyped, limitative modes of treatment, but to exhaust all the possible effects of the rules laid down.'

"Such is the plan which the author has chosen; and, it must be admitted, admirably and conscientiously carried out through the work. All is clear, plain, and to the purpose, forming as trusty a guide as it is possible to desire. In the face of so many theories of different character some of the principles may seem a little daring, but the boldness is that of confidence in the value of common sense. Dr. Hiles evidently does not acknowledge the connection between the laws of harmonics and the agreement of sounds which form the basis of harmony, for he states (p. 3) 'that harmony is founded on consonance, and has no sort of connection with or reliance upon the phenomena of harmonics. The harmonics of any note include many sounds that never are by a musician audibly and designedly combined with it; and, on the other hand, do not justify or account for even so frequently used a combination as its minor triad!'

"The truth of this statement is palpable. In the like quiet and confident manner the whole of the work is written, and as every position is made good and strengthened, the value of the treatise is thereby enhanced. The laws of dissonances are laid down with convincing authority. The rule relating to consecutive fifths is most clearly and, for the first time, lucidly stated. 'Consecutive fifths are more or less disagreeable, except where there is such an intimate connection between the different combinations that the root of one is the fifth of the other. Such a relationship exists between the triads of the tonic and of the dominant, and between the triads of the tonic and of the subdominant, so that the dependence of the two dominant harmonies upon the tonic, which forms their sole bond of union, is again strongly evidenced.'

"This disposes effectually, because more scientifically, of the hitherto propounded theory that consecutive fifths are objectionable, because they give the idea of 'two keys.'

"There are many other points in the work which are worthy of special note; and were it not that space is limited, some further quotations might be taken, to exhibit the excellent form in which the thoughts and expressions are set out. The book can be recommended with the utmost confidence as a reasonable and truthful exposition of the subject, perfectly consistent in its theories, even though it will be considered at variance with some already proposed schemes. For the reason that the notion of deriving harmonies from a mathematical source is not wholly tenable, but must of necessity admit of modification, many of the works on harmony have been constructed on fancy theories more or less reasonable, or the reverse. If the views of Dr. Hiles are not the conclusive truth of the whole matter, they are at all events stated in a manner which stands more favourably convincing, more 'four-square to the winds of heaven' than any yet proposed on the subject."—*Musical Record, November, 1879.*

"In this second volume of his 'Grammar of Music' Dr. Hiles shows quite as much independence of view as in the first. He rejects at the outset all those rules of the old contrapuntists which are not really observed by modern composers. The student, he says, 'should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' Such an obvious truth should not require to be urged at the present day; yet we can see that it is needed when we turn to Cherubini's 'Cours de Contrepoint et de Fugue,' and find that this great modern authority forbids the use in melody of the major and minor seventh, the major sixth, the diminished fifth, and the tritone. One example given by Dr. Hiles is specially constructed so as to show how the old rules may be broken at every accent, and almost at every pulse, without producing a bad effect. But, as these obsolete dogmas are still dear to examiners, Dr. Hiles includes them in his treatise for the benefit of any student who may happen to require them. The examples in this section of the work are numerous and interesting. They include the 'Old Hundredth' treated in a variety of ways, some extracts from already published works of Dr. Hiles, and from the compositions of Purcell, Bach, Mendelssohn, &c. Those from Beethoven's 'Studies' are singularly unlike in style to his musical compositions, and some of them are written in medieval church modes. Dr. Hiles does not explain the peculiarities of these scales; which, indeed, have little interest nowadays for the musician, except when he finds them in an ecclesiastical subject or in a national melody which he

may have to harmonise. It is remarkable that many of these old subjects cannot be accompanied by chords in the massive style, while, on the other hand, the themes of modern music rarely have stamina enough to bear contrapuntal treatment. Yet several of the most noted composers of the day, as, for instance, Wagner and Brahms, have proved themselves masters of counterpoint. The student who wishes to have his part in the revival of this old, but ever necessary, branch of composition, will find much in Dr. Hiles' work to assist him. He will see that the object of the study is not to write under unnatural restrictions, nor to imitate an antiquated style, but to produce melodious part-writing.

"The Section on Form commences with an analysis of Rhythm. Dr. Hiles does not approve of the modern method of barring, in which each bar is made to include as few notes as possible, and in which, therefore, the complete rhythmic measure may consist of three or four bars. The inconvenience of this method is, he thinks, particularly shown in the notation of waltzes, where four of the conventional bars go to make up a rhythmic measure. Many of the movements in Handel's oratorios, the 'Lacrymosa' of Mozart's 'Requiem,' and the slow movement of Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' show the complete phrases noted as single bars. Modern editors have sometimes altered this method of barring, as in the chorus, 'And with His stripes,' supposing that the great number of notes in each bar rendered the music difficult to read.

"The combination of phrases into sentences is next dealt with; and then the minuet, the march, the rondo, and the sonata form are explained. Mention ought to have been made of the peculiar developments which the concerto and the overture have gone through. Lastly, the fugue is treated at some length, and a variety of examples of real and tonal answers are given. Dr. Hiles points out the close analogy which exists between the sections of the fugue and those of the sonata form, showing that the old masters already discerned those principles of construction which modern composers have worked out with so much beauty of detail.

"The great task which musical theorists have before them at present is to bring the old rules into agreement with the practice of modern composers, and to found their explanations on the demonstrated truths of science. The day of personal 'systems' has long passed away. Dr. Hiles' treatise seems to us one of the most successful efforts in this work of transformation."—*Musical Times*, October 1880.

"In a former notice of the first part of this excellent work, a description of its character and objects, and the points in which it differs or departs from the teaching ordinarily offered on the subject by old-fashioned masters, was given. It is not necessary now to repeat that which must be familiar to all who, interested in the subject, read the remarks. The present book takes up the work where the previous part ended, and carries the reader through the intricacies of part-writing or counterpoint in a manner which may be unreservedly commended for its common sense. The remarks, definitions, and explanations are terse, clear, honest, and to the purpose, convincing the reader that the author thoroughly knows his subject, has thought it all well out, and is therefore possessed of the power which comes of knowledge. He does not attempt to overload his teaching with needless verbiage, as is too often the case with those who write books upon a subject with which they are only imperfectly acquainted. One sentence from the pages may be quoted as offering a key to his style of writing, and a fair statement of the directness of purpose with which the subject is approached: 'It is most important that a young musician should, as early as possible, acquire that quickness of perception as to the relationship and tendencies of sounds which is essentially and characteristically modern. He should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' This will sufficiently indicate that the plan of the whole work is essentially modern, and is marked by a lively sympathy for recent thought. It may therefore be accepted with confidence as the guide and familiar friend of those students who desire to acquire the art of expressing their musical ideas in a living, and not in a fossilized, fashion.

"The like principles guide his directions as to the meaning, the use, and the construction of Form, which complete the present part. Did space permit, nothing would be more agreeable than to follow each section of this valuable contribution to art step by step, and to show why it is so inestimably valuable to students of to-day. Such a process would not be a greater recommendation than that which is offered in the few words written above, and which the reader can only interpret one way. Should there be any doubt concerning the value and utility of the work, the question could be solved in a very short time after each one who desired to judge for himself had made himself the happy possessor of a copy."—*Musical Record*, November, 1880.

"In almost every department of learning there has, during the last few years, been so thorough a recognition of the necessity of saving the time of the learner by a consistent and clear exposition of the subject taught, as practically to triple or quadruple the student's opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

"Even in the practical side of music very earnest endeavour has been made so to systematize the course of instruction of the young instrumentalist as to achieve the greatest possible result with the utmost economy of time.

"But, in teaching the construction of music, we to a great extent follow the dilatory, extra-vagant, loitering course of the ages before railways were invented.

"In our study of harmony few of us have not, at some period or other, been perplexed by the fragmentary, unconnected character of the rules advanced; by the want of some leading principle; and by the evident absurdity of the proposition that the natural—therefore immutable—laws of sound could be subject to any 'exception' or 'licence.'

"What a sore puzzle, too, was the so-called 'strict style'; with its few poverty-stricken, cold harmonies; its faulty treatment of the simplest dissonances; its false relations, and its unfathomable, impossible-to-be-understood difficulty about the use of an inverted fifth!

"Did any of us get out of our own early scholastic fetters without chafing at the waste of time of which we had been the victims, and without a contempt for the line of perplexities through which we had been condemned to wade?

Thus the want of some modernized, standard, authoritative book, in which the question of the relation of sounds (in its two phases of combined and of consecutive sounds) should be explained in a common-sense manner, divested of all fanciful, middle-age obscurity, has been so long and so generally felt, that any hesitation we may feel in calling attention to Dr. Henry Hiles' new work arises only from a conviction that long ere this most of those interested in the subject must have made themselves acquainted with a treatise which—because of its own intrinsic merits and the reputation of its author—will certainly attract a widespread attention.

"But those who have already looked through the 'Grammar of Music'—as the work is aptly titled—will be convinced that therein lies matter for very serious and earnest study.

"Our author discards all fanciful derivation of chords from privileged harmonic-generating roots—whether those roots be the tonic of a key, with its upper and under dominants, or the tonic and the second and fifth of its diatonic scale.

"According to Dr. Hiles, what—for want of a better name—is called the 'root' of a consonant triad, is simply that sound with which the other notes best agree, that foundation upon which the chord may be most firmly and sonorously built.

"In every inversion of a consonant triad a portion of the resonant power—as well as the agreement of the sounds—is lost; but, in both respects, the second inversion has an advantage over the first, and has more resemblance to the natural form of the chord.

"Thus the obscurity which has hitherto appertained to the use of the second inversion of a common chord is cleared away; and the difficulty is shown to be one of progression—not of combination—and, therefore, to belong to what may be called the contrapuntal side of harmony. It is, in fact, a question of consecutive or hidden fourths, and therefore is governed by laws entirely analogous to those guiding to the right use of consecutive or hidden fifths—of which those fourths are the inversions.

"Perhaps, with reference to the theory of music, nothing has recently been advanced more masterly than the simple, comprehensive, easily-remembered rule which regulates the use of consecutive fifths and their inversions. Had Dr. Hiles done nothing more than brush away the perplexity with which theorists have contrived to surround the subject of consecutive consonances, he would have deserved the gratitude of all students of harmony.

"But this is only one of the services which our author has rendered to musical science.

"Inevitably, the gradual advance of knowledge of harmony-principles has tended to enlarged notions of key-relationship. In olden time seven (or fewer) sounds, and the triads they formed, were supposed to exhaust the influence of one tonic. In fact, finer gradations of pitch were scarcely recognized. Many of the musical instruments in use were so incomplete as not to afford them; and, just as nowadays the young rustic is with difficulty made to appreciate semi-tonal steps (except, perhaps, when they occur just as in the scale to which the village church bells have accustomed him), so the finer gradations of pitch were very slowly incorporated into the family of any tonic, and were admitted into the harmony system with the utmost timidity. Perhaps in no art so much as in music has an almost cowardly cleaving to old notions clogged all advance. And in the history of music we again and again read of the uproar with which any departure from old, arbitrary dogmas has been received; and of the farce struggle against prejudice which innovation ever has had to fight.

"What a hard task for admission into the key-family of sounds major triads upon the second, third, and sixth of a scale have had!

"For how long a time the first inversion only of a certain triad was tolerated, under the title of a 'Neapolitan sixth.'

"The detestation with which the conservative theorists of the time received and denounced Beethoven's Overture to 'Prometheus,' and his first Symphony (each commencing with a minor seventh upon the tonic chord), is well remembered.

"The controversy concerning the opening of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' rages to the present moment.

"What confidence had we, in our early studies in harmony, in the theory which was upset by the very first piece of music we took up?

"Dr. Hiles shows that all these disputed, and many other, chords are members of one key-family of harmonies; has used them and classified them; and has analysed and recorded their various tendencies.

"Modulation being recognized to be—not the introduction of one of the less-related notes of a chromatic scale, but such combinations or sequences of sounds as will entirely disturb the hold of the ear upon the old tonic, and fix it upon a new resting sound—numberless beautiful progressions are offered to the free use of the musician without subjecting him to the oft, and most ignorantly made, charge of restless tonality. For it is incontestable that, judged by the old notion of key-relationship and limit, modern music could not be justified. Either the limits of a key are far wider than is generally taught; or the necessity of tonal relationship is all humbug.

"In his treatment of dissonances, Dr. Hiles consistently and clearly follows the principles already advanced.

"As it is consonance that rules alike a chord and a key (or tribe of chords), so it is argued that any sound of the chromatic scale (or of any chromatic scale that could be invented) of any root in the key may be used upon that root without necessarily causing modulation; the disturbing influence of a remote chord being only slightly increased by the emphasis which is given to it by the addition of the member of its chromatic family.

"Some 150 examples clearly and convincingly demonstrate the truth of the simple rules given; and, as we think, so exhaust the subject as to leave nothing to be added by future writers.

"Again, the theory of pedal sounds is novel and striking. The very largest liberty in the selection of overlying harmonies is allowed: but it is declared that no such thing as an 'inverted' pedal does, or could, exist. Unquestionably many chords—all chords, if the progressions of the several parts be properly arranged—may be taken underneath their root-sounds: but the holding of a tonic or dominant over all the changing harmonies of the key is a very different matter. We think it may safely be asserted that the old theory of 'inverted pedals' cannot be upheld. Indeed, does not the very title mark its absurdity?

"But, who, among the bewildered students of our old books upon 'counterpoint'—as, totally

without 'point,' the art of part-writing is still called—will not be thankful for the real, logical system now placed before him?

"The art of part-writing—or of the interweaving of melodies of different characters is, for ever, robbed of the perplexity which (because of the notoriously unreal nature of the old rules) has hitherto obscured its study.

"Having fully mastered the laws regulating all combinations of sounds and the tendencies of dissonances, no fresh rules for the progressions of florid parts (of whatever pattern) could be needed. Almost the only consideration is, what must be the effect of each discordant sound? And that a knowledge of harmony tells us.

"Consequently, the different patterns of part-writing, or of combining several parts—each having its own character, and, by contrasting with its fellow parts, heightening the general effect—is treated in a novel and eminently practical manner; and not as a mere code of obsolete rules, which, although having no influence in the construction of modern music, is invested with some mysterious, magical charm, as initiating the student into the practice of a stricter style (?) of working: the so-called 'strict style' being founded upon the crudest notions of harmony, and the most timid and inconsistent use of discords.

"About a hundred and thirty examples of all kinds of counterpoint are given, and numerous references are made to works in which the student may find larger specimens. We think it may safely be asserted that our author has left little that is new, or interesting, to be added to this portion of his essay.

"It should be mentioned, however, that to the real rules of each species of part-writing are appended those obsolete dogmas for which—in most previous works—a kind of authority has half-apologetically, and most comically, been claimed; and which are still upheld in those antiquarian curiosities called 'examination papers.'

"Having analyzed the principles upon which sounds may be harmoniously combined, and upon which melodies should be constructed, having pointed out the various modes in which themes may be interwoven—in other words, having exhaustively treated all points connected with the pitch of sounds—Dr. Hiles turns to that other side of music, viz., the duration of sounds; and by dissecting all the classified forms of composition (or, rather, by building upon the simple principle of responsive, march-like pulses), deduces the laws of rhythmic swing, the punctuation of musical sentences, and the structural outline of all classical (or classified) musical forms.

"The originality of this portion of the 'Grammar' cannot be questioned, or overrated. Here, as elsewhere, everything is clearly stated, and amply illustrated.

"The musical language—like the literary—is mapped out by its dividing commas, semicolons, periods, and paragraphs; is punctuated by the more or less conclusive cadences, which coincide with the completion of its rhythmic steps. Whilst each sentence is to be modelled in due proportion and balance, the whole composition is to have a logical, definite purpose. The interest of the chief themes, or texts, is to be intensified by all the resources of the art. The necessary intervals of comparative repose (afforded by the use of near-skin scales, &c.), the excitement of free modulation, the variety of contrast in rhythm, style, and instrumentation are all insisted upon."—*The Orchestra, April, 1881.*

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